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MINSTRELSY,

ANCIENT AND MODERN;

WITH AN

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

AND

NOTES.

BY

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN MINSTRELSY.

MINSTRELSY,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

FAUSE FOODRAGE.

This ballad was first published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," where it is stated to be given chiefly from Mrs. Brown of Falkland's MSS. The ballad is popular in Scotland, and there can be no reasonable doubt of its authenticity. Like others, however, it has lost none of its beauties by being distilled through the alembic established at Abbotsford for the purification of Ancient Song.

King Easter has courted her for her lands,
King Wester for her fee;
King Honour for her comely face,
And for her fair bodie.

They had not been four months married,
As I have heard them tell,

Until the nobles of the land
Against them did rebel.

And they cast kevils * them amang,
And kevils them between;
And they cast kevils them amang,
Wha suld gae kill the king.

O some said yea, and some said nay,
Their words did not agree;
Till up and got him Fause Foodrage,
And swore it suld be he.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men bound to bed,
King Honour and his gay ladye
In a high chamber were laid.

---

* "*Kevils*, lots. Both words originally meant only a p tion or share of any thing. *Leges Burgorum*, cap. 59, *de l cut, or kavil. Statuta Gildæ*, cap. 20. *Nullus emat lana &c., nisi fuerit confrater Gildæ, &c. Neque* lot, *neque* ca *habeat cum aliquo confratre nostro.* In both these laws, *lot* a *cavil* signify a share in trade." — *Border Minstrelsy*, Vol. I In an inventory of the goods and gear belonging to an anc tor of the Editor's, dated 23d June, 1692, this word occurs i as a substantive, but as a verb: — "*Item*, twa pair of iron harn *Item*, y^r. is in the cloase chist ane coffer w^t. peapers after m tioned, viz. [some of the papers are here enumerated]; a ordaines the four curators to *cavell* for keeping of the coffer a peapers, and to take up ane just inventur of the s^d. discharg as they will be ansuerable."

Then up and raise him, Fause Foodrage,
When a' were fast asleep,
And slew the porter in his lodge,
That watch and ward did keep.

O four and twenty silver keys
Hung hie upon a pin;
And aye, as ae door he did unlock,
He has fastened it him behind.

Then up and raise him, King Honour,
Says, — "What means a' this din?
Or what 's the matter, Fause Foodrage,
Or wha has loot you in?"

"O ye my errand weel sall learn,
Before that I depart."
Then drew a knife, baith lang and sharp,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then up and got the queen hersell,
And fell low down on her knee:
"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
For I never injured thee.

"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
Until I lighter be!

And see gin it be lad or lass,
  King Honour has left me wi'."

"O gin it be a lass," he says,
  "Weel nursed it sall be;
But gin it be a lad bairn,
  He sall be hanged hie.

"I winna spare for his tender age,
  Nor yet for his hie hie kin;
But soon as e'er he born is,
  He sall mount the gallows pin."

O four and twenty valiant knights
  Were set the queen to guard;
And four stood aye at her bour door,
  To keep both watch and ward.

But when the time drew near an end,
  That she suld lighter be,
She cast about to find a wile,
  To set her body free.

O she has birled these merry young men
  With the ale but and the wine,
Until they were as deadly drunk
  As any wild-wood swine.

" O narrow, narrow, is this window,
And big, big, am I grown! "
Yet through the might of Our Ladye,
Out at it she is gone.

She wander'd up, she wander'd down,
She wander'd out and in;
And, at last, into the very swine's stythe,
The queen brought forth a son.

Then they cast kevils them amang,
Which suld gae seek the queen;
And the kevil fell upon Wise William,
And he sent his wife for him.

O when she saw Wise William's wife,
The queen fell on her knee:
" Win up, win up, madam! " she says;
" What needs this courtesie? "

" O out o' this I winna rise,
Till a boon ye grant to me;
To change your lass for this lad bairn
King Honour left me wi'.

" And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
Right weel to breast a steed;

And I sall learn your turtle dow *
As weel to write and read.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
To wield baith bow and brand;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
To lay gowd † wi' her hand.

"At kirk and market when we meet,
We 'll dare make nae avowe,
But, — 'Dame, how does my gay goss-hawk?'
'Madame, how does my dow?'"

When days were gane, and years came on,
Wise William he thought lang;
And he has ta'en King Honour's son
A hunting for to gang.

It sae fell out, at this hunting,
Upon a simmer's day,
That they came by a fair castell
Stood on a sunny brae.

"O dinna ye see that bonny castell,
Wi' halls and towers sae fair?

---

* *Dow*, dove. † *Lay gowd*, to embroider in gold.

Gin ilka man had back his ain,
Of it you suld be heir."

"How I suld be heir of that castell
In sooth I canna see;
For it belangs to Fause Foodrage,
And he is na kin to me."

"O gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
You would do but what was right;
For, I wot, he kill'd your father dear,
Or ever ye saw the light.

"And gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
There is no man durst you blame;
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,
And she darna take ye hame."

The boy stared wild, like a gray goss-hawk:
Says, — "What may a' this mean?"
"My boy, ye are King Honour's son,
And your mother 's our lawful queen."

"O gin I be King Honour's son,
By Our Ladye, I swear,
This night I will that traitor slay,
And relieve my mother dear!"

He has set his bent bow to his breast,
And leaped the castell wa';
And soon he has seized on Fause Foodrage,
Wha loud for help 'gan ca'.

"O haud your tongue, now, Fause Foodrage;
Frae me ye shanna flee."
Syne pierced him thro' the fause fause heart,
And set his mother free.

And he has rewarded Wise William
Wi' the best half of his land;
And sae has he the turtle dow
Wi' the truth o' his right hand.

FAIR JANET.

This is by far the most complete, and apparently genuine, copy that we have yet met with, of the ballad which is usually printed under the title of "Willie and Annet," or of that improved version of the same ballad, published by Mr. Finlay, under the title of "Sweet Willie." It is taken from the "Ballad Book," a volume of extreme rarity,* edited by Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, to whose kindness we stand indebted for this and many other similar favours.

To "Fair Janet" Mr. Sharpe has prefixed the following notice: — "This ballad, the subject of which appears to have been very popular, is printed as it was sung by an old woman in Perthshire. The air is extremely beautiful." From the ballads of "Willie and Annet" and "Sweet Willie," we have taken three stanzas, and inserted them in this copy; but these are inclosed by brackets, so as to preserve the purity and integrity of Mr. Sharpe's text undisturbed.

"Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,
Ye maun gang to him soon;
Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,
In case that his days are dune!"

* Only thirty copies were printed for distribution among the Editor's private friends.

"What 's your will wi' me?"

"My will wi' you, Fair Janet," he sa
"It is both bed and board;
Some say that ye lo'e Sweet Willie,
But ye maun wed a French Lord.'

"A French Lord maun I wed, father
A French Lord maun I wed?
Then, by my sooth," quo' Fair Janet,
"He 's ne'er enter my bed."

Janet 's awa' to her chamber,
As fast as she could go;
Wha 's the first ane that tapped there,
But Sweet Willie her jo!

"O we maun part this love, Willie,
That has been lang between;

"If we maun part this love, Janet,
It causeth mickle woe;
If we maun part this love, Janet,
It makes me into mourning go."

"But ye maun gang to your three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean;
Tell them to come to Fair Janet,
In case that her days are dune."

Willie 's awa' to his three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean:
"O haste, and gang to Fair Janet,
I fear that her days are dune."

Some drew to them their silken hose,
Some drew to them their shoon,
Some drew to them their silk manteils,
Their coverings to put on;
And they 're awa' to Fair Janet,
By the hie light o' the moon.

. . . . .

"O I have born this babe, Willie,
Wi' mickle toil and pain;
Take hame, take hame, your babe, Willie,
For nurse I dare be nane."

He 's tane his young son in his arms,
And kist him cheek and chin, —
And he 's awa' to his mother's bower,
By the hie light o' the moon.

"O open, open, mother," he says,
"O open, and let me in;
The rain rains on my yellow hair,
And the dew drops o'er my chin, —
And I hae my young son in my arms,
I fear that his days are dune."

With her fingers lang and sma'
She lifted up the pin;
And with her arms lang and sma'
Received the baby in.

"Gae back, gae back, now, Sweet Willie,
And comfort your fair lady;
For where ye had but ae nourice,
Your young son shall hae three."

Willie he was scarce awa',
And the lady put to bed,
When in and came her father dear:
"Make haste, and busk the bride."

"There 's a sair pain in my head, father,
There 's a sair pain in my side;
And ill, O ill, am I, father,
This day for to be a bride."

"O ye maun busk this bonny bride,
And put a gay mantle on;
For she shall wed this auld French Lord,
Gin she should die the morn."

Some put on the gay green robes,
And some put on the brown;
But Janet put on the scarlet robes,
To shine foremost through the town.

And some they mounted the black steed,
And some mounted the brown;
But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,
To ride foremost through the town.

"O wha will guide your horse, Janet?
O wha will guide him best?"
"O wha but Willie, my true love,
He kens I lo'e him best!"

And when they cam to Marie's kirk,
To tye the haly ban,

Fair Janet's cheek looked pale and wan,
And her colour gaed and cam.

When dinner it was past and done,
And dancing to begin,
"O we 'll go take the bride's maidens,
And we 'll go fill the ring."

O ben than cam the auld French Lord,
Saying, "Bride, will ye dance with me?"
"Awa', awa', ye auld French Lord,
Your face I downa see."

O ben than cam now Sweet Willie,
He cam with ane advance:
"O I 'll go tak the bride's maidens,
And we 'll go tak a dance."

"I 've seen ither days wi' you, Willie,
And so has mony mae;
Ye would hae danced wi' me mysel',
Let a' my maidens gae."

O ben than cam now Sweet Willie,
Saying, "Bride, will ye dance wi' me?"
"Aye, by my sooth, and that I will,
Gin my back should break in three."

[And she 's ta'en Willie by the hand,
The tear blinded her e'e:
"O I wad dance wi' my true love,
Tho' bursts my heart in three!"]

She hadna turned her through the dance,
Through the dance but thrice,
When she fell down at Willie's feet,
And up did never rise!

[She 's ta'en her bracelet frae her arm,
Her garter frae her knee:
"Gie that, gie that, to my young son;
He 'll ne'er his mother see."]

Willie 's ta'en the key of his coffer,
And gi'en it to his man:
"Gae hame and tell my mother dear,
My horse he has me slain;
Bid her be kind to my young son,
For father he has nane."

["Gar deal, gar deal the bread," he cried,
"Gar deal, gar deal the wine;
This day has seen my true love's death,
This night shall witness mine."]

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
And the tither in Marie's quire:
Out of the tane there grew a birk,
And the tither a bonny brier.

CLERK SAUNDERS.

"This romantic ballad is taken from Mr. Herd's MSS., with several corrections from a shorter and more imperfect copy in the same volume, and one or two conjectural emendations in the arrangement of the stanzas. The resemblance of the conclusion to the ballad beginning, "There came a ghost to Margaret's door," will strike every reader. The tale is uncommonly wild and beautiful, and apparently very ancient. The custom of the passing bell is still kept up in many villages in Scotland. The sexton goes through the town, ringing a small bell, and announcing the death of the departed, and the time of the funeral. The three concluding verses have been recovered since the first edition of this work; and I am informed by the reciter, that it was usual to separate from the rest that part of the ballad which follows the death of the lovers, as belonging to another story. For this, however, there seems no necessity, as other authorities give the whole as a complete tale." — *Border Minstrelsy*, Vol. II., p. 405, 5th Edition.

Two different copies of this pathetic and deeply interesting ballad have been published: the one by the author of the admirable work above quoted, which is followed here; and the other by Mr. Jamieson, which, though of inferior beauty, is not the less valuable, as illustrating the transmutations to which traditionary song is inevitably subjected.

To the copy we have adopted we were almost inclined to prefix the following verses, which begin the copy preserved by Mr. Jamieson :

"Clerk Saunders was an earl's son,
He liv'd upon sea-sand ;
May Margaret was a king's daughter,
She liv'd in upper land.

"Clerk Saunders was an earl's son,
Weel learned at the scheel ;
May Margaret was a king's daughter ; —
They baith lo'ed ither weel."

Because they supply information as to the rank in society respectively held by these ill-fated lovers, and, by hinting at the scholastic acquirements of Clerk Saunders, they prepare us for the casuistry by which he seeks to reconcile May Margaret's conscience to a most jesuitical oath.

CLERK SAUNDERS and May Margaret
Walked ower yon garden green ;
And sad and heavy was the love
That fell thir twa between.

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,
"A bed for you and me ! "
"Fye, na, fye, na," said May Margaret,
"Till anes we married be.

"For in may come my seven bauld brothers,
Wi' torches burning bright ;

They 'll say,—'We hae but ae sister,
And behold she 's wi' a knight!'"

"Then take the sword frae my scabbard,
And slowly lift the pin;
And you may swear, and safe your aith,
Ye never let Clerk Saunders in.

"And take a napkin in your hand,
And tie up baith your bonny een;
And you may swear, and safe your aith,
Ye saw me na since late yestreen."

It was about the midnight hour,
When they asleep were laid,
When in and cam her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning red.

When in and cam her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning bright;
They said,—"We hae but ae sister,
And behold her lying wi' a knight!"

Then out and spake the first o' them,
"I bear the sword shall gar him die!"
And out and spake the second o' them,
"His father has nae mair than he!"

And out and spake the third o' them,
"I wot that they are lovers dear!"
And out and spake the fourth o' them,
"They hae been in love this mony a year!"

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,
"It were great sin true love to twain!"
And out and spake the sixth o' them,
"It were shame to slay a sleeping man!"

Then up and gat the seventh o' them,
And never a word spake he;
But he has striped his bright brown brand,
Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turn'd
Into his arms, as asleep she lay;
And sad and silent was the night
That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and sleeped sound,
Until the day began to daw;
And kindly to him she did say,
"It 's time, true love, you were awa."

But he lay still and sleeped sound,
Albeit the sun began to sheen;

She looked atween her and the wa',
And dull and drowsie were his een.

Then in and came her father dear,
Said, — "Let a' your mourning be;
I 'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
And I 'll come back and comfort thee."

"Comfort weel your seven sons,
For comforted will I never be;
I ween 't was neither knave nor loon
Was in the bower last night wi' me."

The clinking bell gaed through the town,
To carry the dead corpse to the clay;
And Clerk Saunders stood at May Margaret's window,
I wot, an hour before the day.

"Are ye sleeping, Margaret?" he says,
"Or are ye waking presentlie?
Give me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gied to thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sall never get,
Nor our true love sall never twin,
Until ye come within my bower,
And kiss me cheek and chin."

"My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
It has the smell now of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy days of life will not be lang.

"O cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot the wild-fowls are boding day;
Give me my faith and troth again,
And let me fare me on my way."

"Thy faith and troth thou sall na get,
And our true love sall never twin,
Until ye tell what comes of women,
I wot, who die in strong traivelling."

"Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers,
I wot sweet company for to see.

"O cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot the wild-fowls are boding day;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I ere now will be miss'd away."

Then she has ta'en a crystal wand,
And she has stroken her troth thereon;

She has given it him out at the shot-window,
Wi' mony a sad sigh and heavy groan.

"I thank ye, Marg'ret; I thank ye, Marg'ret;
And aye I thank ye heartilie;
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Marg'ret, I 'll come for thee."

It 's hosen and shoon and gown alone;
She climb'd the wall, and follow'd him,
Until she came to the green forest,
And there she lost the sight o' him.

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?"

"There 's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There 's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is full lowly now:
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

"Cauld mould is my covering now,
But and my winding-sheet:
The dew it falls nae sooner down
Than my resting-place is weet.

"But plait a wand o' bonny birk,
And lay it on my breast;
And shed a tear upon my grave,
And wish my saul gude rest.

"And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,
And Marg'ret o' veritie,
Gin e'er ye love another man,
Ne'er love him as ye did me."

Then up and crew the milk-white cock,
And up and crew the gray;
Her lover vanish'd in the air,
And she gaed weeping away.

WILLIE AND MAY MARGARET.

This fragment, which Mr. Jamieson has published, and ıich possesses considerable merit, he states was procured ım Mrs. Brown, of Falkland, — a lady to whom much of ; traditionary poetry of Scotland is mainly indebted for ɔservation.

"Gie corn to my horse, mither;
Gie meat unto my man;
For I maun gang to Margaret's bower,
Before the nicht comes on."

"O stay at hame now, my son Willie!
The wind blaws cald and sour;
The nicht will be baith mirk and late,
Before ye reach her bower."

"O tho' the night were ever sae dark,
Or the wind blew never sae cald,
I will be in my Margaret's bower
Before twa hours be tald."

"O gin ye gang to May Margaret,
Without the leave of me,
Clyde's water 's wide and deep enough; —
My malison drown thee!"

He mounted on his coal-black steed,
And fast he rade awa';
But, ere he came to Clyde's water,
Fu' loud the wind did blaw.

As he rode o'er yon hich, hich hill,
And down yon dowie den,
There was a roar in Clyde's water
Wad fear'd a hunder men.

His heart was warm, his pride was up;
Sweet Willie kentna fear;
But yet his mither's malison
Ay sounded in his ear.

O he has swam through Clyde's water,
Tho' it was wide and deep;
And he came to May Margaret's door,
When a' were fast asleep.

O he 's gane round and round about,
And tirled at the pin;

But doors were steek'd, and windows barr'd,
And nane wad let him in.

"O open the door to me, Margaret,—
O open and lat me in!
For my boots are full o' Clyde's water,
And frozen to the brim."

"I darena open the door to you,
Nor darena lat you in;
For my mither she is fast asleep,
And I darena mak nae din."

"O gin ye winna open the door,
Nor yet be kind to me,
Now tell me o' some out-chamber
Where I this nicht may be."

"Ye canna win in this nicht, Willie,
Nor here ye canna be;
For I 've nae chambers out nor in,
Nae ane but barely three:

"The tane o' them is fu' o' corn,
The tither is fu' o' hay,—
The tither is fu' o' merry young men,
They winna remove till day."

"O fare ye weel, then, May Margaret,
Sin better mauna be;
I 've win my mither's malison,
Coming this nicht to thee."

He 's mounted on his coal-black steed,—
O but his heart was wae!
But, ere he came to Clyde's water,
'T was half up o'er the brae.

. . . . .

———— he plunged in,
But never raise again.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

THE following lines are written, in an old hand, in a copy of Lovelace's "Lucaste," London, 1679.

A STEED! a steed of matchlesse speede!
A sword of metal keene!
Al else to noble heartes is drosse, —
Al else on earth is meane.
The neighynge of the war-horse prowde,
The rowleinge of the drum,
The clangour of the trumpet lowde,
Be soundes from heaven that come.
And, oh! the thundering presse of knightes,
Whenas their war-cryes swelle,
May tole from heaven an angel bright,
And rowse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte, brave Gallants all,
And don your helmes amaine;
Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
Us to the field againe.

No shrewish tears shal fill our eye,
  When the sword-hilt 's in our hand;
Heart-whole we 'll parte, and no whit sighe
  For the fayrest of the land.
Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
  Thus weepe and puling crye;
Our businesse is like men to fighte,
  And, like to Heroes, die!

THE CRUEL MOTHER.

A SMALL fragment of this ballad appeared in the introductory note to the ballad of "Lady Anne," printed in the "Border Minstrelsy," volume second. Through the kindness of a friend, we are now enabled to give the ballad in a complete state. Like many other ancient pieces of a similar description, it has a burden of no meaning and much childishness; the repetition of which, at the end of the first and third lines of every stanza, has been omitted. The reader, however, has a right to have the ballad as we received it; and therefore he may, in the first of the places pointed out, insert

"Three, three, and three by three";

and in the second,

"Three, three, and thirty-three";

which will give him it entire and unmutilated.

SHE leaned her back unto a thorn,
And there she has her two babes born.

She took frae 'bout her ribbon-belt,
And there she bound them hand and foot.

She has ta'en out her wee penknife,
And there she ended baith their life.

She has howked a hole baith deep and wide,
She has put them in baith side by side.

She has covered them o'er wi' a marble stane,
Thinking she would gang maiden hame.

As she was walking by her father's castle wa',
She saw twa pretty babes playing at the ba'.

"O bonnie babes! gin ye were mine,
I would dress you up in satin fine!

"O I would dress you in the silk,
And wash you ay in morning milk!"

"O cruel mother! we were thine,
And thou made us to wear the twine.

"O cursed mother! heaven 's high,
And that 's where thou will ne'er win nigh.

"O cursed mother! hell is deep,
And there thou 'll enter step by step."

THE FIRE OF FRENDRAUGHT.

For the recovery of this interesting Ballad, hitherto supposed to have been lost, the public is indebted to the industrious research of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., of Edinburgh, by whom it was obligingly communicated for insertion in the present Collection. It has already appeared in a small volume of exceeding rarity, privately printed at Edinburgh, in the beginning of 1824, under the title of "A North Countrie Garland"; but with this disadvantage, of containing a very considerable number of slight verbal and literal inaccuracies, which in the present copy are carefully corrected by collation with Mr. Sharpe's MS. The Ballad itself has a high degree of poetic merit, and probably was written at the time by an eyewitness of the event which it records; for there is a horrid vivacity of colouring and circumstantial minuteness in the description of the agonies of the unhappy sufferers which none but a spectator could have given.

The guilt or innocence of Frendraught and his lady has been, and, perhaps, will always be, problematical; it were but a fruitless waste of words now to seek to prove the one or to establish the other.

Spalding, whom Gordon, in his "History of the Illustrious Family of Gordon," says, "lived not far from the place, and had his account from eyewitnesses," thus mi-

nutely details the circumstances on which the Ballad is founded :

" Upon the first of January, 1630, the laird of Frendraught and his complices fell in a trouble with William Gordon of Rothemay and his complices, where the said William was unhappily slain, being a gallant gentleman, and on Frendraught's side was slain George Gordon, brother to James Gordon of Lesmoir, and divers others were hurt on both sides. The marquis of Huntly and some well-set friends settled this feud, and Frendraught ordained to pay to the lady relict of Rothemay and the bairns fifty thousand merks in composition of the slaughter, whilk, as was said, was truly paid.

" Upon the 27th September, 1630, the laird of Frendraught having in his company Robert Crightoun of Candlan, and James Lesly, son to John Lesly of Pitcaple, with some other servants, the said Robert after some speeches shoots the said James Lesly through the arm. They were parted, and he convoyed to Pitcaple, and the other Frendraught shot out of his company.

" Likeas Frendraught, upon the 5th of October, held conference with the earl of Murray in Elgin, and upon the morn he came to the Bog of Gight,* where the marquis made him welcome. Pitcaple loups on about thirty horse in jack and spear (hearing of Frendraught's being in the Bog), upon Thursday, the 7th of October, and came to the marquis, who before his coming had discreetly directed Frendraught to confer with his lady. Pitcaple heavily com-

* From Gordon of Gight was maternally descended the late Lord Byron.

plains of the hurt his son had got in Frendraught's company, and rashly avowed to be revenged before he went home. The marquis alledged Frendraught had done no wrong, and dissuaded him from any trouble. Pitcaple, displeased with the marquis, suddenly went to horse, and that same day rides his own ways, leaving Frendraught behind him in the Bog, to whom the marquis revealed what conference was betwixt him and Pitcaple, and held him all that night, and would not let him go. Upon the morn, being Friday, and a night of October, the marquis caused Frendraught to breakfast lovingly and kindly; after breakfast, the marquis directs his dear son, viscount of Aboyn, with some servants, to convoy Frendraught home to his own house, if Pitcaple was laid for him by the way; John Gordon, eldest son to the late slain Rothemay, happened to be in the Bog, who would also go with Aboyn; they ride without interruption to the place of Frendraught, or sight of Pitcaple by the way. Aboyn took his leave from the laird, but upon no condition he and his lady would not suffer him to go, nor none that was with him, that night, but earnestly urged him (though against his will) to bide. They were well entertained, supped merrily, and went to bed joyfully. The viscount was laid in an bed in the Old Tower going off the hall, and standing upon a vault, wherein there was an round hole devised of old, just under Aboyn's bed. Robert Gordon, born in Sutherland, his servitor, and English Will, his page, were both laid beside him in the same chamber; the laird of Rothemay, with some servants beside him, was laid in an upper chamber just above Aboyn's chamber; and in another room above that chamber was laid George Chalmers of Noth, and George

Gordon, another of the viscount's servants; with them also was laid captain Rollock, then in Frendraught's own company. Thus all being at rest, about midnight, that dolorous tower took fire in so sudden and furious manner, yea and in an clap, that the noble viscount, the laird of Rothemay, English Will, Colonel Ivat, another of Aboyn's servants, and other two, being six in number, were cruelly burnt and tormented to the death without help or relief. The laird of Frendraught, his lady, and haill household, looking on, without moving or striving to deliver them from the fury of this fearful fire, as was reported. Robert Gordon, called Sutherland Robert, being in the viscount's chamber, escaped this fire with the life. George Chalmers and captain Rollock, being in the third room, escaped also this fire, and, as was said, Aboyn might have saved himself also, if he would have gone out of doors, which he would not do, but suddenly ran up stairs to Rothemay's chamber and wakened him to rise; and as he is wakening him, the timber passage and lofting of the chamber hastily takes fire, so that none of them could win down stairs again, so they turned to a window looking to the close, where they piteously cryed, many time, Help, help! for God's cause! The laird and the lady with their servants, all seeing and hearing the woeful crying, made no help, nor manner of helping, which they perceiving, cried oftentimes mercy at God's hands for their sins, sine clasped in other's arms, and cheerfully suffered their martyrdom. Thus died this noble viscount, of singular expectation, Rothemay, a brave youth, and the rest, by this doleful fire never enough to be deplored, to the great grief and sorrow of their kin, parents, and haill common people, especially

to the noble marquis, who for his good-will got this reward. No man can express the dolour of him and his lady, nor yet the grief of the viscount's own dear lady, when it came to her ears, which she kept to her dying day, disdaining after the company of man in her lifetime, following the love of the turtle dove.

"How soon the marquis gets word, he directs some friends to take up their ashes and burnt bones, which they could get, and as they could be kent, to put ilk one's ashes and bones in an chest, being six chests in the haill, which, with great sorrow and care, was had to the kirk of Garntullie, and there buried. In the mean time, the marquis writes to the lord Gordon, then dwelling in Inverness, of the accident. It is reported, that, upon the morn after this woeful fire, the lady Frendraught, daughter to the earl of Sutherland, and near cousin to the marquis, busked in a white plaid, and riding on a small nag, having a boy leading her horse, without any more in her company, in this pitiful manner she came weeping and mourning to the Bog, desiring entry to speak with my lord, but this was refused, so she returned back to her own house the same gate she came, comfortless.

"The lord Gordon, upon the receipt of the marquis's letter, came hastily to the Bog, conveened William, with whose sister the viscount was married, and many other friends, who, after serious consideration, concluded this fearful fire could not come by chance, sloth, or accident, but that it was plotted and devised of set purpose, as ye may hereafter see, whereof Frendraught, his lady, and servants and friends, one or other, was upon the knowledge; so thir friends dissolves, and the marquis would not revenge

himself by way of deed, but seek the laws with all diligence, whereunto he had more than reason.

"Now there was a gentleman, called John Meldrum, who some time served the laird of Frendraught, and got not good payment of his fee, as he alledged, whereat he was miscontent; this Meldrum thereafter married with Pitcaple's sister, and the hurting of James Lesly made this grief the greater, and bred some suspicion of the raising of this fire, whereupon he with one John Toasch, servitor to Frendraught, and an young woman called —— Wood, daughter to the laird of Colpnay, all suspected persons to be either airt and part, or on the counsel of this fire, one or other of them, were apprehended and warded in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. This young gentlewoman was first accused before the Lords of Session, and sharply examined. She stands to her innocence, and denies all; she is therefore put into the boots, and cruelly tortured, yet confesses nothing, whereupon she is set to liberty, as an innocent, but the other two men are kept in strait ward, where I will leave them till afterwards.

"His majesty gone to London, the lady marchioness and lady Aboyn stay behind him in Edinburgh, using all the means they could, for trial of the fire of Frendraught; at last she causes put John Meldrum and John Toasch, who ye hard before were warded in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, to trial. And first the lords, upon the second and third days of August, began to accuse the said John Meldrum what he knew anent the said fire; and therewith examined him upon certain speeches, whilk he, as was alledged, had spoken concerning that purpose; he utterly denied all; and what he said was written. Thereafter the lords begins

another day to re-examine him, could find no light; yet found him varying frae his first declaration in some circumstances, and therefore the lords shortly refers him to the trial of an assize, where he was convicted and condemned to be hanged to the death at the Cross of Edinburgh; his head to be stricken frae his shoulders, and his body demaimed and quartered, and set up on exemplary places of the town, in example of others to do the like. He was executed upon the —— day of August, and died without any certain and real confession, as was said, anent this doleful fire."

To the foregoing we may add the following observations on the same event, by the author of the "Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland":

"The rumour of this vnhappie accident did spedelie spread itselff throwout the whole kingdom, everie man bevailling it, and constructing it diverslie, as ther affections led them; some laying ane aspersion vpon Frendret, as if he had wilfullie destroyed his guests, who had come thither to defend him against his enemies, which careid no appeirance of truth; for besydes the improbabilitie of the mater, he did lose therin a great quantitie of silver, both cunyeid and vncunyeid, and lykewise all his writs and evidents wer therin burnt. Others ascryved it to an accidentall fyre; but most pairt evin presentlie suspected it to come from the Leslie's and ther adherents, who were then so inraged against Frendret, that they gave out openlie they wold burn the place of Frendret, and had delt to this effect with the rebell James Grant, who wes Pitcaple his cousen-germane. This was proved in presence of the Lords of the Councell against John Meldrum and Alexander Leslie (the laird of

Pitcaple his brother) by two of James Grant's men, who were apprehended at Invernesse, and sent to the Lords of the Councell by sir Robert Gordoun (tutor of Southerland), shirreff of that shire."

The case of Meldrum is noticed by Burnet, in his valuable work on the Criminal Law of Scotland, chap. 22, p. 567, as resting wholly on strong and conclusive presumptions, but on no direct evidence. The same writer mentions that the pleadings in the case display much learning and acuteness on the subject of circumstantial evidence. One of these, namely, "An Exhortation to the Assize," by Meldrum's advocate, will be found in the Appendix to this volume. For this curious document, copied from the Criminal Records, we are indebted to the kindness of the same gentleman from whom we had this Ballad.

This tragical event also forms the subject of two poems, written by Arthur Johnston, the one of which is entitled, "Querela Sophiæ Hayæ, Dominæ de Melgeine, de morte mariti"; and the other, "De Ioanne Gordonio, Vicecomite de Melgein, & Ioanne Gordonio de Rothimay, in arce Frendriaca combustis." *Vide* "Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum," Amst. 1637, Tom. I. pp. 585, &c.

The modern Ballad of "Frennet Hall" first appeared, we believe, in Herd's Collection, and was belike written by the ingenious hands to whom we are indebted for the Ballads of "Duncan" and "Kenneth," occurring in the same work; and which, by the way, we may be pardoned for saying, are but indifferent imitations of the ancient Ballad style. "Frennet Hall" was subsequently published by Ritson and Finlay in their respective Collections, both of whom give a few stanzas of the ancient Ballad, differing,

however, some little from the corresponding verses in the present copy, but not more so than may be looked for in all cases where poetry is indebted for its preservation to tradition alone.

A portrait of the Lady Frendraught, by Jamieson, is, we are informed, in the possession of Mr. Morrison of Bogny.

The eighteenth of October,
A dismal tale to hear,
How good Lord John and Rothiemay
Was both burnt in the fire.

When steeds was saddled and well bridled,
And ready for to ride,
Then out it came her, false Frendraught,
Inviting them to bide.

Said, — "Stay this night untill we sup,
The morn untill we dine;
'T will be a token of good 'greement
'Twixt your good Lord and mine."

"We 'll turn again," said good Lord John; —
"But no," said Rothiemay, —
"My steed 's trapan'd, my bridle 's broken,
I fear the day I 'm fey."

When mass was sung, and bells was rung,
And all men bound for bed,
Then good Lord John and Rothiemay
In one chamber was laid.

They had not long cast off their cloaths,
And were but now asleep,
When the weary smoke began to rise,
Likewise the scorching heat.

" O waken, waken, Rothiemay,
O waken, brother dear,
And turn you to our Saviour;
There is strong treason here."

When they were dressed in their cloaths,
And ready for to boun,
The doors and windows was all secur'd,
The roof-tree burning down.

He did him to the wire-window
As fast as he could gang;
Says, — " Wae to the hands put in the stancheons,
For out we 'll never win."

When he stood at the wire-window,
Most doleful to be seen,

He did espy her, Lady Frendraught,
Who stood upon the green.

Cried, — " Mercy, mercy, Lady Frendraught!
Will ye not sink with sin?
For first your husband killed my father,
And now you burn his son."

O then out spoke her, Lady Frendraught,
And loudly did she cry, —
" It were great pity for good Lord John,
But none for Rothiemay.
But the keys are casten in the deep draw well,
Ye cannot get away." *

While he stood in this dreadful plight,
Most piteous to be seen,

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* " The keys are casten in the deep draw well,
Ye cannot get away."

Mr. Finlay, after regretting that all his attempts to recover this Ballad had proved unsuccessful, gives, in the words of a correspondent, the following particulars regarding it, which we subjoin as illustrative of the lines above cited: — " A Lady, a near relation of mine, lived near the spot, in her youth, for some time; and remembers having heard the old song mentioned by Ritson, but cannot repeat it. She says there was a verse which stated that the Lord and Lady locked the door of the tower, and flung the keys into the draw well; and that many years ago, when the well was cleared out, this tradition was corroborated by their finding the keys, — at least, such was the report of the country." — *Preface to Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*, p. xxi.

There called out his servant Gordon,
As he had frantic been.

"O loup, O loup, my dear master,
O loup and come to me;
I 'll catch you in my arms two,
One foot I will not flee.

"O loup, O loup, my dear master,
O loup and come away;
I 'll catch you in my arms two,
But Rothiemay may lie.

"The fish shall never swim in the flood,
Nor corn grow through the clay,
Nor the fiercest fire that ever was kindled
Twin me and Rothiemay."

"But I cannot loup, I cannot come,
I cannot win to thee;
My head 's fast in the wire-window,
My feet burning from me.

"My eyes are seething in my head,
My flesh roasting also,
My bowels are boiling with my blood;
Is not that a woeful woe?

" Take here the rings from my white fingers,
That are so long and small,
And give them to my Lady fair,
Where she sits in her hall.

" So I cannot loup, I cannot come,
I cannot loup to thee, —
My earthly part is all consumed,
My spirit but speaks to thee."

Wringing her hands, tearing her hair,
His Lady she was seen,
And thus addressed his servant Gordon,
Where he stood on the green.

" O wae be to you, George Gordon,
An ill death may you die,
So safe and sound as you stand there,
And my Lord bereaved from me."

" I bad him loup, I bad him come,
I bad him loup to me,
I 'd catch him in my arms two,
A foot I should not flee, &c.

" He threw me the rings from his white fingers,
Which were so long and small,

To give to you, his Lady fair,
Where you sat in your hall," &c.

Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay,
O bonny Sophia was her name, —
Her waiting maid put on her cloaths,
But I wot she tore them off again.

And aft she cried, " Ohon ! alas, alas !
A sair heart 's ill to win ;
I wan a sair heart when I married him,
And the day it 's well return'd again."

LORD INGRAM AND CHIEL WYET.

THIS beautiful Ballad, which appeared in the "North ountrie Garland," before referred to, was kindly commu-cated to us by the same gentleman, who, from the circum-ance of it retaining the word "bonheur," conjectures at it may probably have had a French original. A Ballad a similar subject, and, indeed, nothing else than a dif-rent copy of the present, has been published by Mr. Ja-ieson, in the second volume of his "Ballads," from Mr. erd's MSS. Mr. Jamieson's copy, however, wants the tastrophe ; a deficiency now happily supplied by the pres-t perfect copy.

LORD INGRAM and Chiel Wyet
Was baith born in one bower ;
Laid baith their hearts on one Lady,
The less was their bonheur.

Chiel Wyet and Lord Ingram,
Was baith born in one hall ;
Laid baith their hearts on one Lady,
The worse did them befall.

Lord Ingram woo'd her, Lady Maisery,
From father and from mother;
Lord Ingram woo'd her, Lady Maisery,
From sister and from brother.

Lord Ingram woo'd her, Lady Maisery,
With leave of a' her kin;
And every one gave full consent,
But she said no to him.

Lord Ingram woo'd her, Lady Maisery,
Into her father's ha';
Chiel Wyet woo'd her, Lady Maisery,
Amang the sheets so sma'.

Now it fell out upon a day,
She was dressing her head,
That ben did come her father dear,
Wearing the gold so red.

He said, "Get up now, Lady Maisery,
Put on your wedding gown, —
For Lord Ingram he will be here,
Your wedding must be done."

"I 'd rather be Chiel Wyet's wife,
The white fish for to kill,

Before I were Lord Ingram's wife,
To wear the silk so well.

"I'd rather be Chiel Wyet's wife,
With him to beg my bread,
Before I were Lord Ingram's wife,
To wear the gold so red.

"Where will I get a bonny boy,
Will win gold to his fee,
And will run unto Chiel Wyet's
With this letter from me?"

"O here I am," the boy says,
"And will win gold to my fee,
And carry away any letter
To Chiel Wyet from thee."

And when he found the bridges broke,
He bent his bow and swam;
And when he found the grass growing,
He hastened and he ran.

And when he came to Chiel Wyet's castle,
He did not knock nor call,
But set his bent bow to his breast,
And lightly leaped the wall;

And ere the porter open'd the gate,
The boy was in the hall.

The first line he looked on,
A grieved man was he, —
The next line he looked on,
A tear blinded his ee, —
Says, — " I wonder what ails my one brother,
He 'll not let my love be !

" But I 'll send to my brother's bridal,
The bacon shall be mine,
Full four-and-twenty buck and roe,
And ten tun of the wine,
And bid my love be blythe and glad,
And I will follow syne."

There was not a groom about that castle
But got a gown of green ;
And all was blythe and all was glad,
But Lady Maisery she was neen.

There was no cook about that kitchen
But got a gown of gray ;
And all was blythe and all was glad
But Lady Maisery was wae.

Between Mary kirk and that castle
Was all spread ower with garl,*
To keep Lady Maisery and her maidens
From tramping on the marl.

From Mary kirk and that castle
Was spread a cloth of gold,
To keep Lady Maisery and her maidens
From treading on the mold.

When mass was sung, and bells was rung,
And all men bound for bed,
Then Lord Ingram and Lady Maisery,
In one bed they were laid.

When they were laid into their bed,
It was baith saft and warm;
He laid his hand over her side,
Says, — "I think you are with bairn!"

"I told you once, so did I twice,
When ye came me to woo,
That Chiel Wyet, your only brother,
One night lay in my bower.

* *Garl*, so written in Mr. Sharpe's MS., and probably an abreviated mode of pronouncing the word *gravel*.

" I told you twice, I told you thrice,
Ere ye came me to wed,
That Chiel Wyet, your one brother,
One night lay in my bed."

" O will you father your bairn on me,
And on no other man ?
And I 'll give him to his dowry
Full fifty ploughs of land."

" I will not father my bairn on you,
Nor on no wrongeous man,
Though ye would give him to his dowry
Five thousand ploughs of land."

Then up did stand him Chiel Wyet,
Shed by his yellow hair,
And gave Lord Ingram to the heart
A deep wound and a sair.

Then up did start him Lord Ingram,
Shed by his yellow hair,
And gave Chiel Wyet to the heart
A deep wound and a sair.

There was no pity for that two lords,
Where they were lying slain;

But all was for her, Lady Maisery,
In that bower she gaed brain.

There was no pity for that two lords,
When they were lying dead;
But all was for her, Lady Maisery,
In that bower she went mad.

Said, — "Get to me a cloak of cloth,
A staff of good hard tree;
If I have been an evil woman,
I shall beg till I dee.

"For a bit I 'll beg for Chiel Wyet,
For Lord Ingram I 'll beg three;
All for the good and honorable marriage
At Mary kirk he gave me."

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

"The Ballad of 'The Douglas Tragedy' is one of the few to which popular tradition has ascribed complete locality. The farm of Blackhouse, in Selkirkshire, is said to have been the scene of this melancholy event. There are the remains of a very ancient tower, adjacent to the farm-house, in a wild and solitary glen, upon a torrent, named Douglas Burn, which joins the Yarrow, after passing a craggy rock, called the Douglas Craig. From this ancient tower Lady Margaret is said to have been carried by her lover. Seven large stones, erected upon the neighbouring heights of Blackhouse, are shown as marking the spot where the seven brethren were slain; and the Douglas Burn is averred to have been the stream at which the lovers stopped to drink; so minute is tradition in ascertaining the scene of a tragical tale, which, considering the rude state of former times, had probably foundation in some real event."—*Border Minstrelsy*, Vol. II.

The copy here followed is that given in the work from which the above extract has been taken. Any recited copy that we have heard has been incomplete, wanting not only

the circumstance of the lovers halting at the stream, but likewise that of their death and burial. Our copy supplies these unimportant variations.

"He has lookit over his left shoulder,
And through his bonnie bridle rein,
And he spy'd her father and her seven bold brethren
Come riding down the glen.

"'O hold my horse, Lady Marg'ret,' he said,
'O hold my horse by the bonnie bridle rein,
Till I fight your father and seven bold brethren,
As they come riding down the glen.'

"Some time she rade, and some time she gaed,
Till she that place did near;
And there she spy'd her seven bold brethren slain,
And her father who loved her so dear.

"'O hold your hand, sweet William,' she said,
'Your bull baits are wondrous sair;
Sweet-hearts I may get many a one,
But a father I will never get mair.'

"She has taken a napkin from off her neck,
That was of the cambrick so fine,
And aye as she wiped her father's bloody wounds,
The blood ran red as the wine."

Two stanzas are here omitted, in which Lord William offers her the choice of returning to her mother, or of accompanying him; and the Ballad concludes with this stanza, which is twice repeated in singing:

"He set her upon the milk-white steed,
Himself upon the brown;
He took a horn out of his pocket,
And they both went weeping along."

"Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armour so bright;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright;
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest 's awa' the last night."

He 's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see;
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold
Come riding o'er the lee.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,

Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I make a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who lov'd her so dear.

"O hold your hand, Lord William!" she said,
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

O she 's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the Holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I 'll gang, I 'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"For you have left me no other guide."

He 's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she 'gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain!"
"'T is naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak
That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they cam to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, Lady Mother," he says,
"Get up and let me in! —
Get up, get up, Lady Mother," he says,
"For this night my fair lady I 've win.

"O mak my bed, Lady Mother," he says,
"O mak it braid and deep!

And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret lang ere day, —
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Marie's kirk,
Lady Marg'ret in Marie's quire;
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the warld might ken right weel
They were twa lovers dear.

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pull'd up the bonny brier,
And flang'd in St. Marie's loch.

WILLIAM AND MARJORIE.

Lady Marjorie, Lady Marjorie,
Sat sewing her silken seam,
And by her came a pale, pale ghost
Wi' mony a sigh and mane.

"Are ye my father the king?" she says,
"Or are ye my brither John?
Or are ye my true love sweet William,
From England newly come?"

"I 'm not your father the king," he says,
"No, no, nor your brither John;
But I 'm your true love sweet William,
From England that 's newly come."

"Have ye brought me any scarlets sae red,
Or any of the silks sae fine;
Or have ye brought me any precious things,
That merchants have for sale?"

"I have not brought you any scarlets sae red,
No, no, nor the silks sae fine;

But I have brought you my winding-sheet
Ower many a rock and hill.

"Lady Marjorie, Lady Marjorie!
For faith and charitie,
Will ye gie to me my faith and troth,
That I gave once to thee?"

"O your faith and troth I'll not gie to thee,
No, no, that will not I,
Until I get ae kiss of your ruby lips,
And in my arms you lye."

"My lips they are sae bitter," he says,
"My breath it is sae strang,
If you get ae kiss of my ruby lips,
Your days will not be lang.

"The cocks are crawing, Marjorie," he says,—
"The cocks are crawing again;
It 's time the dead should part the quick,—
Marjorie, I must be gane."

She followed him high, she followed him low,
Till she came to yon churchyard green;
And there the deep grave opened up,
And young William he lay down.

"What three things are these, sweet William," she says,
"That stand here at your head?"
"O it 's three maidens, Marjorie," he says,
"That I promised once to wed."

"What three things are these, sweet William," she says,
"That stand close at your side?"
"O it 's three babes, Marjorie," he says,
"That these three maidens had."

"What three things are these, sweet William," she says,
"That lye close at your feet?"
"O it 's three hell-hounds, Marjorie," he says,
"That 's waiting my soul to keep."

O she took up her white, white hand,
And she struck him on the breast,
Saying, — "Have there again your faith and troth,
And I wish your saul gude rest."

THE BROOM BLOOMS BONNIE AND SAYS IT IS FAIR.

The revolting nature of the subject of this ballad might, in the opinion of many readers, have been a sufficient reason for withholding its publication; but, as tales of this kind abound in the traditionary poetry of Scotland, a Collection like the present would have been incomplete, without at least one solitary specimen. In its details, too, the Editor conceives it to be less abhorrent than either the ballad of "Lizie Wan,"* or that of "The Bonny Hynd";† he also preferred it to the fragment of another ballad, on a similar subject, which, like the present, he obtained from recitation. The fragment begins thus:

"Lady Margaret sits in her bow window,
Sewing her silken seam;
She dropt her thimble at her toe,
Her scissars at her heel,
And she 's awa to the merry green wood,
To see the leaves grow green";

and, in its principal features, bears a strong resemblance to "The Bonny Hynd."

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* *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c.*, Edinburgh, 1776, Vol. I., p. 93.

† *Border Minstrelsy*, fifth edition, Vol. III., p. 102.

With the exception of three verses, which appeared in Johnson's "Musical Museum," Vol. V., p. 474, under the title of "The broom blooms bonny, the broom blooms fair," the present ballad is for the first time printed. It is evidently a composition of considerable antiquity; and, in poetical merit, it may stand a comparison with either of the ballads above referred to.

It is talked, it is talked, the warld all over,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
That the king's dochter gaes wi' child to her brother,
And we 'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.

He 's ta'en his sister down to her father's deer park,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
Wi' his yew-tree bow and arrows fast slung at his back,
And we 'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.

"O when that ye hear me gie a loud, loud cry,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
Shoot an arrow frae thy bow and there let me lye,
And we 'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.

"And when that ye see I am lying cauld and dead,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
Then ye 'll put me in a grave wi' a turf at my head,
And we 'll never gang down to the broom onie mair."

Now when he heard her gie a loud, loud cry,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
His silver arrow frae his bow he suddenly let fly,
Now they 'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.

He has houkit a grave that was lang and was deep,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
And he has buried his sister wi' her babie at her feet,
And they 'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.

And when he came hame to his father's court ha',
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
There was music and minstrels and dancing 'mang them a',
But they 'll never gang down to the broom onie mair.

"O Willie! O Willie! what makes thee in pain?
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair."
"I have lost a sheath and knife that I 'll never see again,
For we 'll never gang down to the broom onie mair."

"There are ships o' your father's sailing on the sea,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
That will bring as good a sheath and a knife unto thee,
And we 'll never gang down to the broom onie mair."

"There are ships o' my father's sailing on the sea,
The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,
But sic a sheath and knife they can never bring to me!
Now we 'll never gang down to the broom onie mair!"

YOUNG JOHNSTONE.

For the first complete copy of this Ballad the public is indebted to the late ingenious Mr. Finlay of Glasgow, in whose Collection it appeared, prefaced with the following notice: — "A fragment of this fine old Ballad has been repeatedly published under the title of 'The Cruel Knight.' The present edition has been completed from two recited copies. Young Johnstone's reason for being 'sae late a coming in' has been suppressed, as well as a concluding stanza of inferior merit, in which the catastrophe is described in a manner quite satisfactory, but not very poetical."

The present copy of this excellent Ballad was obtained from recitation; for a few verbal emendations, recourse has been had to Mr. Finlay's copy; but those parts which that gentleman's taste led him to reject the Editor of this compilation did not conceive himself warranted to suppress. Refinement, in matters of taste, may be carried to a pernicious extreme; and, in an Editor of Ancient Poetry, too much delicacy in this respect may oftentimes be a very questionable virtue.

The reciters of old ballads frequently supply the best commentaries upon them, when any obscurity or want of connection appears in the poetical narrative. This Ballad, as it stands, throws no light on young Johnstone's motive

for stabbing his lady; but the person from whose lips it was taken down alleged that the barbarous act was committed unwittingly, through young Johnstone's suddenly waking from sleep, and, in that moment of confusion and alarm, unhappily mistaking his mistress for one of his pursuers. It is not improbable but the Ballad may have had, at one time, a stanza to the above effect, the substance of which is still remembered, though the words in which it was couched have been forgotten. At all events, it is a more likely inference than that which Mr. Gilchrist has chosen to draw from the same premises. — See "A Collection of Ancient and Modern Scottish Ballads, Tales, and Songs, with Explanatory Notes and Observations," by John Gilchrist, Vol. I., p. 185. Edinburgh, 1815.

YOUNG JOHNSTONE and the young Col'nel
Sat drinking at the wine:
"O gin ye wad marry my sister,
It 's I wad marry thine."

"I wadna marry your sister,
For a' your houses and land;
But I 'll keep her for my leman,
When I come o'er the strand.

"I wadna marry your sister,
For a' your gowd so gay;

But I 'll keep her for my leman,
When I come by the way."

Young Johnstone had a nut-brown sword,
Hung low down by his gair,
And he ritted * it through the young Col'nel,
That word he ne'er spak mair.

But he 's awa' to his sister's bower,
He 's tirled at the pin:
"Whare hae ye been, my dear brither,
Sae late a coming in?"
"I hae been at the school, sister,
Learning young clerks to sing."

"I 've dreamed a dreary dream this night,
I wish it may be for good;
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,
And the young Col'nel was dead."

"Hawks and hounds they may seek me,
As I trow well they be;

* *Ritted*, thrust violently. In *Sir Tristrem* it is used simply to cut. Vide Fytte I., stanza xliv. In the copy obtained by the Editor, the word "ritted" did not occur, instead of which the word "stabbed" was used. The "nut-brown sword" was also changed into "a little small sword."

For I have killed the young Col'nel,
And thy own true love was he."

"If ye hae killed the young Col'nel,
O dule and wae is me;
But I wish ye may be hanged on a hie gallows,
And hae nae power to flee."

And he 's awa' to his true love's bower,
He 's tirled at the pin:
"Whar hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,
Sae late a coming in?"
"It 's I hae been at the school," he says,
"Learning young clerks to sing."

"I have dreamed a dreary dream," she says,
"I wish it may be for good;
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,
And the young Col'nel was dead."

"Hawks and hounds they may seek me,
As I trow well they be;
For I hae killed the young Col'nel,
And thy ae brother was he."

"If ye hae killed the young Col'nel,
O dule and wae is me;

But I care the less for the young Col'nel,
If thy ain body be free.

"Come in, come in, my dear Johnstone,
Come in and take a sleep;
And I will go to my casement,
And carefully I will thee keep."

He had not weel been in her bower door,
No not for half an hour,
When four-and-twenty belted knights
Came riding to the bower.

"Well may you sit and see, Lady,
Well may you sit and say;
Did you not see a bloody squire
Come riding by this way?"

"What colour were his hawks?" she says,
"What colour were his hounds?
What colour was the gallant steed
That bore him from the bounds?"

"Bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds;
But milk-white was the gallant steed
That bore him from the bounds.

"Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds;
And milk-white was the gallant steed
That bore him from the bounds."

"Light down, light down now, gentlemen,
And take some bread and wine;
And the steed be swift that he rides on,
He 's past the brig o' Lyne."

"We thank you for your bread, fair Lady,
We thank you for your wine;
But I wad gie thrice three thousand pound,
That bloody knight was ta'en."

"Lie still, lie still, my dear Johnstone,
Lie still and take a sleep;
For thy enemies are past and gone,
And carefully I will thee keep."

But young Johnstone had a little wee sword,
Hung low down by his gair,
And he stabbed it in fair Annet's breast,
A deep wound and a sair.

"What aileth thee now, dear Johnstone?
What aileth thee at me?

Hast thou not got my father's gold,
Bot and my mither's fee?"

"Now live, now live, my dear Ladye,
Now live but half an hour,
And there 's no a leech in a' Scotland
But shall be in thy bower."

"How can I live, how shall I live?
Young Johnstone, do not you see
The red, red drops o' my bonny heart's blood
Rin trinkling down my knee?

"But take thy harp into thy hand,
And harp out owre yon plain,
And ne'er think mair on thy true love
Than if she had never been."

He hadna weel been out o' the stable,
And on his saddle set,
Till four-and-twenty broad arrows
Were thrilling in his heart.

EARL ROBERT.

This Ballad is given from the recitation of an old woman, a native of Bonhill, in Dumbartonshire; and it is one of the earliest songs she remembers of having heard chaunted on the classic banks of the Water of Leven. The reader will find another copy of the same Ballad in the third volume of the "Border Minstrelsy," p. 59, entitled "Prince Robert," which is stated to be taken from the recitation of a lady nearly related to the Editor of that valuable publication. The variations between the two copies are not very many or striking; but, such as they are, they must be interesting to the lovers of traditional literature.

It 's fifty miles to Sittingen's rocks,
As ever was ridden or gane;
And Earl Robert has wedded a wife,
But he dare na bring her hame.

And Earl Robert has wedded a wife, &c.

His mother, she call'd to her waiting maid:
"O bring me a pint of wine,
For I dinna weel ken what hour of this day
That my son Earl Robert shall dine."

She 's put it to her fause, fause cheek,
But an' her fause, fause chin ;
She 's put it to her fause, fause lips ;
But never a drap went in.

But he 's put it to his bonny cheek,
Aye and his bonny chin ;
He 's put it to his red rosy lips,
And the poison went merrily down.

" O where will I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoon, —
That will gang quickly to Sittingen's rocks,
And bid my lady come ? "

It 's out then speaks a bonny boy,
To Earl Robert was something a kin :
" Many a time have I run thy errand,
But this day with the tears I 'll rin."

O when he cam to Sittingen's rocks,
To the middle of a' the ha',
There were bells a ringing, and music playing,
And ladies dancing a'.

" What news, what news, my bonny boy,
What news have ye to me ?

Is Earl Robert in very good health,
And the ladies of your countrie ? "

" O Earl Robert 's in very good health,
And as weel as a man can be ;
But his mother this night has a drink to be druken,
And at it you must be."

She called to her waiting maid,
To bring her a riding weed ;
And she called to her stable groom,
To saddle her milk-white steed.

But when she came to Earl Robert's bouir,
To the middle of a' the ha',
There were bells a ringing and sheets down hinging,
And ladies murning a'.

" I 've come for none of his gold," she said,
" Nor none of his white monie ;
Excepting a ring of his smallest finger,
If that you will grant me."

" Thou 'll no get none of his gold," she said,
" Nor none of his white monie ;
Thou 'll no get a ring of his smallest finger,
Tho' thy heart should break in three."

She set her foot unto a stone,
  Her back unto a tree ;
She set her foot unto a stone,
  And her heart did break in three !

The one was buried in Mary's kirk,
  The other in Mary's quire;
Out of the one there grew a bush,
  From the other a bonnie brier.

And thir twa grew, and thir twa threw,
  Till this twa craps drew near;
So all the world may plainly see
  That they lov'd each other dear.*

* This phenomenon is common to all ballads, in which two lovers are buried near each other. *Craps*, the topmost twigs.

JOHNIE SCOT.

In preparing this ballad for the press, three recited copies, all obtained from people considerably advanced in years, have been used. The ballad itself is popular in the shires of Renfrew, Dumbarton, and Stirling; and though the Editor has obtained no copy of it from the South of Scotland, yet he has been assured that it is also well known there, a fact of which there can be no doubt, as the border names of Scot and Percy sufficiently identify it with that part of the country.

As is to be expected in all poetry which depends on oral tradition for its transmission to our own times, the copies of this ballad which the Editor has recovered do not exactly correspond with each other. Numerous, though on the whole but trivial, verbal discrepancies exist among them; and in adjusting the text, he had, therefore, to rely on his own judgment, in selecting what he conceived the best reading from each of his copies. In justice, however, to himself, and for the satisfaction of the rigid antiquary, he begs leave explicitly to state that not a single word or expression has been admitted into the present text, but what was duly authorized by one or other of these copies. A scrupulous regard for historic truth hath ever led him to avoid the temptation of embellishing Traditionary Song. It were a

thing devoutly to be wished for, that all others, who have gathered in the same vineyard, could lay their hands on their hearts, and make the like sincere and honest profession. But of this more anon.

With regard to the proper names in the ballad, considerable difficulty was experienced. In the few notes subjoined, the principal variations which occur in this particular between the different copies, in so far as relates to the minor personages of the drama, are pointed out; but as to the hero himself, it is right to mention in this place, that two of the copies agree in styling him "Johnie Scot," while the third names him "Johnie M'Nauchton." In all other material points none of the copies essentially differ, except in this, that in the copy which gives "M'Nauchton" as the hero, the champion with whom he measures blades does not enact that marvellous feat of agility which forms so remarkable a feature in the combat scene between "Johnie Scot" and the "Tailliant," —

> "Who, like a swallow swift,
> Owre Johnie's head did flee";

but, like an honest swordsman, contends manfully, yea, pertinaciously, for the victory, without having recourse to any strange and curious device of fence.

Whether the glory of the high achievement recorded in the ballad should, of right, belong to the name of Scot, or to that of M'Nauchton, is a question very hard of solution. Scot, of Satchels, in that strangest of all literary curiosities, his metrical "History of the Right Honourable Name of Scot," is dumb on the subject; and Buchanan, in his account of Scottish Sirnames, is as profoundly si-

lent regarding any one belonging to the ancient family of M'Nauchton, to whom the honour of this notable duel can, with any degree of likelihood, be attributed. For his own part, the Editor has been somewhat gravelled to make up his mind on this momentous point; but at length he has been inclined to concede the adventure perilous even to Johnie Scot, whoever he was, not only on the account that two copies of the ballad, and these by far the most perfect in their narrative, are quite unanimous on this head, but that these likewise retain the word "Tailliant," which, in the corresponding part of the third copy, is changed into "Champion." This word, Tailliant, he has never before met with in any ballad; but it is an evident derivative from the French verb Taillader.

Mr. Ritson, in his "Historical Dissertations on Scottish Song," gives, in a foot note, a list of certain unedited ballads, contained in a MS. collection which belonged to the late Lord Woodhouselee. In this list occurs one, entitled "Jack, the little Scot"; and from the same critick mentioning that "many lines, and indeed stanzas," of "Gil Morris," * would be found in said ballad, the Editor, both from the similarity of their titles, and from their agreeing in the circumstance of having stanzas in common with some in "Gil Morris," conjectured that it might be probable that

* The only true and authentic edition of this ballad, as preserved by tradition in Scotland, will be given in a subsequent page of this work. It will form rather a curious commentary on the mode in which our ancient Oral Song has been manufactured for the press by "Ingenious Hands." A pack of Impudent, Dull-witted, Ignorant, Conceited, Trashy Poetasters and Forgers.

"Jack, the little Scot," and the present ballad, were one and the same. He accordingly endeavoured to procure a copy of the ballad alluded to, for the purpose of collation, but, hitherto, without success; as the MSS. of Lord Woodhouselee were, after his death, dispersed among his relatives.

Perhaps, after all, it is but of little importance to ascertain this fact; and even though the ballads were the same, it is questionable whether it would suggest any substantial improvement upon the present text. As it is, "Johnie Scot" is, altogether, a very spirited and interesting composition, highly national in its character, and full of bustle, action, and incident. It is just such a one as we would always be glad to see transferred to more imperishable records than the decaying memories of Ancient Women and Time-crazed Men.

O JOHNIE SCOT 's to the hunting gane,
Unto the woods sae wild;
And Earl Percy's ae daughter
To him goes big wi' child.

O word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the ha',
And word is to the highest towers,
Among the nobles a'.

"If she be wi' child," her father said,
"As woe forbid it be!

I 'll put her into a prison strang,
And try the veritie."

"But if she be wi' child," her mother said,
"As woe forbid it be!
I 'll put her intill a dungeon dark,
And hunger her till she die."

O Johnie 's called his waiting man,
His name was Germanie : *
"It 's thou must to fair England gae,
Bring me that gay ladie.

"And here it is a silken sark,
Her ain hand sewed the sleeve ;
Bid her come to the merry green wood,
To Johnie her true love."

He rode till he came to Earl Percy's gate,
He tirled at the pin :
"O wha is there ? " said the proud porter ;
"But I daurna let thee in."

---

* *Germanie.* All the copies which mention Johnie's waiting man concur in giving this name, which is probably descriptive of his country. In one copy, he, in place of Johnie's uncle, is the person who heroically offers wager of battle. But in another copy, the whole words and actions ascribed to Johnie's uncle, who "spak so bitterlie," are transferred to "Gude King James."

It 's he rode up, and he rode down,
He rode the castle about,
Until he spied a fair ladie
At a window looking out.

"Here is a silken sark," he said,
"Thy ain hand sewed the sleeve;
And ye must gae to the merry green woods,
To Johnie Scot thy love."

"The castle it is high, my boy,
And walled round about;
My feet are in the fetters strong,
And how can I get out?

"My garters are o' the gude black iron,
And O but they be cold;
My breast-plate 's o' the sturdy steel,
Instead of beaten gold.

"But had I paper, pen, and ink,
Wi' candle at my command,
It 's I would write a lang letter
To John in fair Scotland."

Then she has written a braid letter,
And sealed it wi' her hand,

And sent it to the merry green wood,
Wi' her own boy at command.

The first line of the letter Johnie read,
A loud, loud lauch leuch he ;
But he had not read ae line but twa,
Till the saut tears did blind his ee.

"O I must up to England go,
Whatever me betide,
For to relieve mine own fair ladie,
That lay last by my side."

Then up and spak Johnie's auld mither,
A weel spoke woman was she :
"If you do go to England, Johnie,
I may take fareweel o' thee."

And out and spak his father then,
And he spak well in time :
"If thou unto fair England go,
I fear ye 'll ne'er come hame."

But out and spak his uncle then,
And he spak bitterlie :
"Five hundred of my good life-guards
Shall bear him companie."

When they were all on saddle set,
They were comely to behold;
The hair that hung owre Johnie's neck shined
Like the links o' yellow gold.

When they were all marching away,
Most pleasant for to see,
There was not so much as a married man
In Johnie's companie.

Johnie Scot himsell was the foremost man
In the company that did ride;
His uncle was the second man,
Wi' his rapier by his side.

The first gude town that Johnie came to,
He made the bells be rung;
And when he rode the town all owre,
He made the psalms be sung.

The next gude town that Johnie came to,
He made the drums beat round;
And the third gude town that he came to,
He made the trumpets sound,
Till King Henry and all his merry men
A-marvelled at the sound.

And when they came to Earl Percy's yates,
They rode them round about;
And who saw he but his own true love
At a window looking out?

"O the doors are bolted with iron and steel,
So are the windows about;
And my feet they are in fetters strong;
And how can I get out?

"My garters they are of the lead,
And O but they be cold;
My breast-plate 's of the hard, hard steel,
Instead of beaten gold."

But when they came to Earl Percy's yett,
They tirled at the pin;
None was so ready as Earl Percy himsell
To open and let them in.

"Art thou the King of Aulsberry,*
Or art thou the King of Spain?

* "Art thou the King of Aulsberry?" &c. It may puzzle the historian to give any account of this king's reign, or to fix the limits of his dominions; being associated, however, with the king of Spain, this circumstance may afford some cue for obtaining information on these important points. One copy of the ballad has, "Are you the Duke of Mulberry?"

Or art thou one of our gay Scots lords,
M'Nachton be thy name?"

---

another, "Are you the Duke of York?" but, for the sake of Heraldic Justice, the present reading was preferred. This stanza, and that which follows it, we give now as they occur in the three different copies of the ballad recovered by the Editor, so that the reader may have it in his power to choose the reading which hits his fancy.

—

JOHNIE SCOT.

"Are you the Duke of York," he said,
"Or James our Scottish King?
Or are you one of our Scottish Lords,
From hunting new come home?"

"I 'm not the Duke of York," he said,
"Nor James your Scottish King;
But I 'm one of the Scottish Lords,
Earl Hector is my name."

—

JOHNIE SCOT.

"Art thou the King of Aulsberry,
Or art thou the King of Spain?
Or art thou one of our gay Scots Lords,
M'Nachton be thy name?"

"I 'm not the King of Aulsberry,
Nor yet the King of Spain;
But I am one of our gay Scots Lords,
Johnie Scot I am called by name."

—

JOHNIE M'NACHTON.

"Are you the Duke of Mulberry,
Or James our Scottish King?
Are you the Duke of Mulberry,
From Scotland new come home?"

"I 'm not the Duke of Mulberry,
Nor James our Scottish King;
But I am a true Scottishman,
M'Nachton is my name."

"I 'm not the King of Aulsberry,
Nor yet the King of Spain;
But I am one of our gay Scots lords,
Johnie Scot I am called by name."

When Johnie came before the king,
He fell low down on his knee:
"If Johnie Scot be thy name," he said,
"As I trew weel it be,
Then the brawest lady in a' my court
Gaes big wi' child to thee."

"If she be with child," fair Johnie said,
"As I trew weel she be,
I 'll make it heir owre a' my land,
And her my gay ladie."

"But if she be wi' child," her father said,
"As I trew weel she be,
To-morrow again eight o'clock,
High hanged thou shalt be."

Out and spoke Johnie's uncle then,
And he spak bitterlie:
"Before that we see fair Johnie hanged,
We 'll a' fight till we die."

"But is there ever a Tailliant about your court,
That will fight duels three ?
For before that I be hanged," Johnie said,
"On the Tailliant's sword I 'll die."

"Say on, say on," said then the king,
"It is weel spoken of thee ;
For there is a Tailliant in my court
Shall fight you three by three."

O some is to the good green wood,
And some is to the plain,
The queen with all her ladies fair,
The king with his merry men,
Either to see fair Johnie flee,
Or else to see him slain.

They fought on, and Johnie fought on,
Wi' swords o' temper'd steel,
Until the draps o' red, red blood
Ran trinkling down the field.

They fought on, and Johnie fought on,
They fought right manfullie ;
Till they left not alive, in a' the king's court,
A man only but three.

And they begoud at eight of the morn,
And they fought on till three;
When the Tailliant, like a swallow swift,
Owre Johnie's head did flee:

But Johnie being a clever young boy,
He wheeled him round about;
And on the point of Johnie's broad-sword,
The Tailliant he slew out.

"A priest, a priest," fair Johnie cried,
"To wed my love and me."
"A clerk, a clerk," her father cried,
"To sum her tocher free."

"I 'll hae none of your gold," fair Johnie cried,
"Nor none of your other gear;
But I will have my own fair bride,
For this day I 've won her dear."

He 's ta'en his true love by the hand,
He led her up the plain:
"Have you any more of your English dogs
You want for to have slain?"

He put a little horn to his mouth,
He blew 't baith loud and shill;

And Honour is into Scotland gone,
In spite of England's Skill.

He put his little horn to his mouth,
He blew it owre again;
And aye the sound the horn cryed
Was "Johnie and his men!"

EARL RICHARD.

This ballad is given from recitation. In the second volume of the "Border Minstrelsy" the reader will find two ballads on the same subject; the one entitled, "Lord William," the other having the same name as the present.

Earl Richard is a hunting gone,
As fast as he could ride;
His hunting horn hung about his neck,
And a small sword by his side.

When he came to my lady's gate,
He tirled at the pin;
And wha was sae ready as the lady hersell
To open and let him in?

"O light, O light, Earl Richard," she says,
"O light and stay a' night;
You shall have cheer wi' charcoal clear,
And candles burning bright."

"I will not light, I cannot light,
I cannot light at all;

A fairer lady than ten of thee
Is waiting at Richard's-wall."

He stooped from his milk-white steed,
To kiss her rosy cheek;
She had a penknife in her hand,
And wounded him so deep.

"O lie ye there, Earl Richard," she says,
"O lie ye there till morn;
A fairer lady than ten of me
Will think lang of your coming home."

She called her servants ane by ane,
She called them twa by twa:
"I have got a dead man in my bower,
I wish he were awa."

The ane has ta'en him by the hand,
And the other by the feet;
And they 've thrown him in a deep draw well,
Full fifty fathoms deep.

Then up bespake a little bird,
That sat upon a tree:
"Gae hame, gae hame, ye fause lady,
And pay your maids their fee."

"Come down, come down, my pretty bird,
That sits upon the tree;
I have a cage of beaten gold,
I 'll gi'e it unto thee."

"Gae hame, gae hame, ye fause lady,
And pay your maids their fee;
As ye have done to Earl Richard,
Sae wud ye do to me."

"If I had an arrow in my hand,
And a bow bent on a string;
I 'd shoot a dart at thy proud heart,
Among the leaves sae green."

BONNIE SUSIE CLELAND.

(*Never before published.*)

THERE lived a lady in Scotland,
  Hey my love and ho my joy;
There lived a lady in Scotland,
  Who dearly loved me;
There lived a lady in Scotland,
  An' she 's fa'n in love wi' an Englishman,
And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt in Dundee.

The father unto the daughter came,
  Hey my love, &c.;
The father unto the daughter came,
  Who dearly, &c.;
The father unto the daughter came,
  Saying, "Will you forsake that Englishman,
And bonnie, &c.

"If you will not that Englishman forsake,
  Hey my love, &c.;
If you will not that Englishman forsake,
  Who dearly, &c.;

If you will not that Englishman forsake,
O I will burn you at a stake,
And bonnie," &c.

"I will not that Englishman forsake,
Hey my love, &c.;
I will not that Englishman forsake,
Who dearly, &c.;
I will not that Englishman forsake,
Though you should burn me at a stake,
And bonnie, &c.

"O where will I get a pretty little boy,
Hey my love, &c.;
O where will I get a pretty little boy,
Who dearly loves me;
O where will I get a pretty little boy,
Who will carry tidings to my joy,
And bonnie," &c.

"Here am I a pretty little boy,
Hey my love, &c.;
Here am I a pretty little boy,
Who dearly loves thee;
Here am I a pretty little boy,
Who will carry tidings to thy joy,
And bonnie," &c.

"Give to him this right hand glove,
Hey my love, &c.;
Give to him this right hand glove,
Who dearly loved me;
Give to him this right hand glove,
Tell him to get another love,
For bonnie, &c.

"Give to him this little penknife,
Hey my love, &c.;
Give to him this little penknife,
Who dearly, &c.;
Give to him this little penknife,
Tell him to get another wife,
For bonnie, &c.

"Give to him this gay gold ring,
Hey my love, &c.;
Give to him this gay gold ring,
Who dearly, &c.;
Give to him this gay gold ring,
Tell him I 'm going to my burning,
And bonnie," &c.

Her father he ca'd up the stake,
Hey my love, &c.;

Her father he ca'd up the stake,
  Who dearly, &c.;
Her father he ca'd up the stake,
  Her brother he the fire did make,
And bonnie Susie Cleland was burnt in Dundee.

CATHERINE JOHNSTONE.

Of this ballad two versions have already been published; one in the "Border Minstrelsy," the other in "A North Countrie Garland." The present copy was obtained from recitation, in the West of Scotland, and is now given as exhibiting the state in which this popular ballad is there preserved. The 10th stanza seems to contain an allusion to the Knights of the Round Table.

THERE was a lass, as I heard say,
Liv'd low doun in a glen;
Her name was Catherine Johnstone,
Weel known to many men.

Doun came the laird o' Lamington,
Doun from the South Countrie;
And he is for this bonnie lass,
Her bridegroom for to be.

He 's ask'd her father and mother,
The chief of a' her kin;
And then he ask'd the bonnie lass,
And did her favour win.

Doun came an English gentleman,
Doun from the English border;
He is for this bonnie lass,
To keep his house in order.

He ask'd her father and mother,
As I do hear them say;
But he never ask'd the lass hersell,
Till on her wedding day.

But she has wrote a long letter,
And sealed it with her hand;
And sent it to Lord Lamington,
To let him understand.

The first line o' the letter he read,
He was baith glad and fain;
But or he read the letter o'er,
He was baith pale and wan.

Then he has sent a messenger,
And out through all his land;
And four-and-twenty armed men
Was all at his command.

But he has left his merry men all,
Left them on the lee;

And he 's awa to the wedding house,
To see what he could see.

But when he came to the wedding house,
As I do understand,
There were four-and-twenty belted knights
Sat at a table round.

They rose all to honour him,
For he was of high renown;
They rose all for to welcome him,
And bade him to sit down.

O meikle was the good red wine
In silver cups did flow;
But aye she drank to Lamington,
For with him would she go.

O meikle was the good red wine
In silver cups gaed round;
At length they began to whisper words,
None could them understand.

"O came ye here for sport, young man,
Or came ye here for play?
Or came ye for our bonnie bride,
On this her wedding day?"

"I came not here for sport," he said,
"Neither did I for play;
But for one word o' your bonnie bride,
I 'll mount and go away."

They set her maids behind her,
To hear what they would say;
But the first question he ask'd at her
Was always answered nay;
The next question he ask'd at her
Was, "Mount and come away?"

It 's up the Couden bank,
And doun the Couden brae;
And aye she made the trumpet sound,
It 's a weel won play.

O meikle was the blood was shed,
Upon the Couden brae;
And aye she made the trumpet sound,
It 's a' fair play.

Come, a' ye English gentlemen,
That is of England born;
Come na doun to Scotland,
For fear ye get the scorn.

They 'll feed ye up wi' flattering words,
And that 's foul play;
And they 'll dress you frogs instead of fish,
Just on your wedding day.

THE WEARY COBLE O' CARGILL.

(*Never before published.*)

This local ballad, which commemorates some real event, is given from the recitation of an old woman, residing in the neighbourhood of Cambus Michael, Perthshire. It possesses the elements of good poetry, and, had it fallen into the hands of those who make no scruple of interpolating and corrupting the text of Oral Song, it might have been made, with little trouble, a very interesting and pathetic composition.

Kercock and Balathy are two small villages on the banks of the Tay; the latter is nearly opposite Stobhall. According to tradition, the ill-fated hero of the ballad had a leman in each of these places; and it was on the occasion of his paying a visit to his Kercock love, that the jealous dame in Balathy Toun, from a revengeful feeling, scuttled the boat in which he was to recross the Tay to Stobhall.

David Drummond's destinie,
  Gude man o' appearance o' Cargill;
I wat his blude rins in the flude,
  Sae sair against his parents' will.

She was the lass o' Balathy toun,
And he the butler o' Stobhall;
And mony a time she wauked late,
To bore the coble o' Cargill.

His bed was made in Kercock ha',
Of gude clean sheets and of the hay;
He wudna rest ae nicht therein,
But on the prude waters he wud gae.

His bed was made in Balathy toun,
Of the clean sheets and of the strae;
But I wat it was far better made,
Into the bottom o' bonnie Tay.

She bored the coble in seven pairts,
I wat her heart might hae been sae sair;
For there she got the bonnie lad lost,
Wi' the curly locks and the yellow hair.

He put his foot into the boat,
He little thocht o' ony ill:
But before that he was mid waters,
The weary coble began to fill.

"Woe be to the lass o' Balathy toun,
I wat an ill death may she die;

For she bored the coble in seven pairts,
And let the waters perish me!

"O help! O help! I can get nane,
Nae help o' man can to me come!"
This was about his dying words,
When he was choaked up to the chin.

"Gae tell my father and my mother,
It was naebody did me this ill;
I was a-going my ain errands,
Lost at the coble o' bonnie Cargill."

She bored the boat in seven pairts,
I wat she bored it wi' gude will;
And there they got the bonnie lad's corpse,
In the kirk shot o' bonnie Cargill.

O a' the keys o' bonnie Stobha',
I wat they at his belt did hing;
But a' the keys of bonnie Stobha',
They now ly low into the stream.

A braver page into his age
Ne'er set a foot upon the plain;
His father to his mother said,
"O sae sune as we 've wanted him!

"I wat they had mair luve than this,
When they were young and at the scule;
But for his sake she wauked late,
And bored the coble o' bonnie Cargill.

"There 's ne'er a clean sark gae on my back,
Nor yet a kame gae in my hair;
There 's neither coal nor candle licht
Shall shine in my bower for ever mair.

"At kirk nor market Ise ne'er be at,
Nor yet a blythe blink in my ee;
There 's ne'er a ane shall say to anither,
That 's the lassie gar'd the young man die."

Between the yetts o' bonnie Stobha'
And the Kirkstyle o' bonnie Cargill,
There is mony a man and mother's son
That was at my luve's burial.

LADY MARJORIE.

This ballad is, apparently, a different version of "Lady Maisry," published by Mr. Jamieson in his collection, and which has likewise been inserted in a preceding part of this compilation. As the present version, however, possesses considerable merit, it has also been considered worthy of a place here. It is given from the recitation of an old woman in Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire, from whom the editor has obtained several valuable pieces of a like nature. In singing, O is added at the end of the second and fourth line of each stanza.

Lady Marjorie was her mother's only daughter,
Her father's only heir;
And she is awa to Strawberry Castle,
To get some unco lair.

She had na been in Strawberry Castle
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till Lady Marjorie she gangs big wi' child,
As big as she can gae.

Word is to her father gane,
  Before he got on his shoon,
That Lady Marjorie she gaes wi' child,
  And it is to an Irish groom.

But word is to her mother gone,
  Before she got on her goun,
That Lady Marjorie she gaes wi' child
  To a lord of high renown.

" O wha will put on the pat," they said,
  " Or wha will put on the pan,
Or wha will put on a bauld, bauld fire,
  To burn Lady Marjorie in ? "

Her father he put on the pat,
  Her sister put on the pan,
And her brother he put on a bauld, bauld fire,
  To burn Lady Marjorie in ;
And her mother she sat in a golden chair,
  To see her daughter burn.

" But where will I get a pretty little boy,
  That will win hose and shoon ;
That will go quickly to Strawberry Castle,
  And bid my lord come doun ? "

"O here am I, a pretty little boy,
That will win hose and shoon;
That will rin quickly to Strawberry Castle,
And bid thy lord come doun."

O when he cam to broken brigs,
He bent his bow and swam;
And when he cam to gude dry land,
He set doun his foot and ran.

When he cam to Strawberry Castle,
He tirled at the pin;
Nane was sae ready as the gay lord himsell
To open and let him in.

"O is there any of my towers burnt,
Or any of my castles won?
Or is Lady Marjorie brought to bed
Of a daughter or a son?"

"O there is nane of thy towers burnt,
Nor nane of thy castles broken;
But Lady Marjorie is condemned to die,
To be burnt in a fire of oaken."

"O gar saddle to me the black," he says,
"Gar saddle to me the broun;

Gar saddle to me the swiftest steed
That e'er carried a man frae toun!"

He left the black into the slap,
The broun into the brae;
But fair fa' that bonnie apple-gray
That carried this gay lord away!

"Beet on, beet on, my brother dear,
I value you not one straw;
For yonder comes my ain true luve,
I hear his horn blaw.

"Beet on, beet on, my father dear,
I value you not a pin;
For yonder comes my ain true luve,
I hear his bridle ring."

He took a little horn out of his pocket,
And he blew 't baith loud and schill;
And wi' the little life that was in her,
She hearken'd to it full weel.

But when he came into the place,
He lap unto the wa';
He thought to get a kiss o' her bonnie lips,
But her body fell in twa!

"O vow! O vow! O vow!" he said,
"O vow! but ye 've been cruel:
Ye 've taken the timber out of my ain wood,
And burnt my ain dear jewel!

"Now for thy sake, Lady Marjorie,
I 'll burn baith father and mother;
And for thy sake, Lady Marjorie,
I 'll burn baith sister and brother.

"And for thy sake, Lady Marjorie,
I 'll burn baith kith and kin;
But I 'll aye remember the pretty little boy
That did thy errand rin."

ANDREW LAMMIE.

THE ill-starred loves of *Tyftie's bonnie Annie* and the *Trumpeter of Fyvie* have already been made familiar to the reader of ballad poetry by Mr. Jamieson, who has published, in his collection, two different sets of this simple, but not unpathetic, ditty.* Neither of these sets, however, is so complete as the present version, which is a reprint from a stall copy published at Glasgow several years ago, collated with a recited copy, which has furnished one or two verbal improvements.

"The beauty, gallantry, and amiable qualities of 'Bonny Andrew Lammie' seem," says Mr. Jamieson, "to have been proverbial, wherever he went. And the good old *cummer* in Allan Ramsay, as the best evidence of the power of her own youthful charms, and the best apology for her having *cast a leggen girth hersel*, says,

> 'I 'se warrand ye have a' heard tell
> Of Bonny Andrew Lammie?
> Stiffly in luve wi' me he fell,
> As soon as e'er he saw me, —
> That was a day!'

* Vide *Popular Ballads and Songs*, Edinburgh, 1806, Vol. I., p. 129, and Vol. II., p. 382.

In this instance, as in most others in the same piece, it seems most probable that Allan Ramsay forgot that he was writing of the days of the original author of 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' and copied only the manners and traditions of his own times. If a woman, who could boast of having had an intrigue with the *Trumpeter of Fyvie*, was hale and hearty at the time when Allan wrote, we may reasonably suppose poor *Tyfty's Nanny* to have died some time about the year 1670." This conjecture as to the period, when

> "The fairest Flower was cut down by love,
> That e'er sprung up in Fyvie,"

is very near the truth, if the notice, contained in the title of the stall copy referred to, can be admitted as evidence on the point. It is this: "Andrew Lammie: or Mill o' Tiftie's Annie. This tragedy was acted in the year 1674."

It has been remarked by Mr. Jamieson, that this ballad "is almost entirely without rhymes; as cadence in the measure is all that seems aimed at, and the few instances of rhyme that occur appear to be rather casual than intentional." Though the present set is not so faulty in this respect as in the copies which came under Mr Jamieson's observation, it, as well as the others, has another peculiarity deserving attention, namely, the studied recurrence of rhyme in the middle of the first and third lines of a great many of the stanzas.

It may be stated that the present set of the ballad agrees with any recited copy which the Editor has hitherto met with in the West Country.

At Mill o' Tifty liv'd a man,
In the neighbourhood of Fyvie;
He had a lovely daughter fair,
Was called bonny Annie.

Her bloom was like the springing flower
That salutes the rosy morning;
With innocence and graceful mien
Her beauteous form adorning.

Lord Fyvie had a Trumpeter
Whose name was Andrew Lammie;
He had the art to gain the heart
Of Mill o' Tiftie's Annie.

Proper he was, both young and gay,
His like was not in Fyvie;
No one was there that could compare
With this same Andrew Lammie.

Lord Fyvie he rode by the door:
Where lived Tiftie's Annie;
His Trumpeter rode him before,
Even this same Andrew Lammie.

Her mother call'd her to the door:
"Come here to me, my Annie;

Did you ever see a prettier man
Than this Trumpeter of Fyvie ? "

She sighed sore, but said no more,
Alas, for bonny Annie !
She durst not own her heart was won
By the Trumpeter of Fyvie.

At night when they went to their beds,
All slept full sound but Annie ;
Love so opprest her tender breast,
Thinking on Andrew Lammie.

" Love comes in at my bed side,
And love lies down beyond me ;
Love has possess'd my tender breast,
And love will waste my body.

" The first time I and my love met
Was in the woods of Fyvie ;
His lovely form and speech so sweet
Soon gain'd the heart of Annie.

" He called me mistress ; I said, No,
I 'm Tiftie's bonny Annie ;
With apples sweet he did me treat,
And kisses soft and many.

"It 's up and down in Tiftie's den,
Where the burn runs clear and bonny,
I 've often gone to meet my love,
My bonny Andrew Lammie."

But now, alas! her father heard
That the Trumpeter of Fyvie
Had had the art to gain the heart
Of Tiftie's bonny Annie.

Her father soon a letter wrote,
And sent it on to Fyvie,
To tell his daughter was bewitch'd
By his servant Andrew Lammie.

When Lord Fyvie had this letter read,
O dear! but he was sorry;
The bonniest Lass in Fyvie's land
Is bewitched by Andrew Lammie.

Then up the stair his Trumpeter
He called soon and shortly:
"Pray tell me soon, what 's this you 've done
To Tiftie's bonny Annie?"

"In wicked art I had no part,
Nor therein am I canny;

True love alone the heart has won
Of Tiftie's bonny Annie.

"Woe betide Mill o' Tiftie's pride,
For it has ruin'd many;
He 'll no ha'e 't said that she should wed
The Trumpeter of Fyvie.

"Where will I find a boy so kind,
That 'll carry a letter canny;
Who will run on to Tiftie's town,
Give it to my love Annie?"

"Here you shall find a boy so kind,
Who 'll carry a letter canny;
Who will run on to Tiftie's town,
And gi'e 't to thy love Annie."

"It 's Tiftie he has daughters three,
Who all are wondrous bonny;
But ye 'll ken her o'er a' the lave,
Gi'e that to bonny Annie."

"It 's up and down in Tiftie's den,
Where the burn runs clear and bonny;
There wilt thou come and meet thy love,
Thy bonny Andrew Lammie.

"When wilt thou come, and I 'll attend?
My love, I long to see thee."
"Thou may'st come to the bridge of Sleugh,
And there I 'll come and meet thee."

"My love, I go to Edinbro',
And for a while must leave thee."
She sighed sore, and said no more
But "I wish that I were wi' thee."

"I 'll buy to thee a bridal gown,
My love, I 'll buy it bonny."
"But I 'll be dead, ere ye come back
To see your bonnie Annie."

"If you 'll be true and constant too,
As my name 's Andrew Lammie,
I shall thee wed when I come back
To see the lands of Fyvie."

"I will be true, and constant too,
To thee, my Andrew Lammie;
But my bridal bed will ere then be made
In the green church-yard of Fyvie."

"Our time is gone, and now comes on,
My dear, that I must leave thee;

If longer here I should appear,
Mill o' Tiftie he would see me."

" I now for ever bid adieu
To thee, my Andrew Lammie;
Ere ye come back, I will be laid
In the green church-yard of Fyvie."

He hied him to the head of the house,
To the house top of Fyvie;
He blew his trumpet loud and schill;
'T was heard at Mill o' Tiftie.

Her father lock'd the door at night,
Laid by the keys fu' canny;
And when he heard the trumpet sound,
Said, " Your cow is lowing, Annie."

" My father dear, I pray forbear,
And reproach no more your Annie;
For I 'd rather hear that cow to low
Than ha'e a' the kine in Fyvie.

" I would not, for my braw new gown,
And a' your gifts sae many,
That it were told in Fyvie's land
How cruel you are to Annie.

"But if ye strike me, I will cry,
And gentlemen will hear me;
Lord Fyvie will be riding by,
And he 'll come in and see me."

At the same time the Lord came in,
He said, "What ails thee, Annie?"
"'T is all for love now I must die,
For bonny Andrew Lammie."

"Pray, Mill o' Tifty, gi'e consent,
And let your daughter marry."
"It will be with some higher match
Than the Trumpeter of Fyvie."

"If she were come of as high a kind
As she 's adorned with beauty,
I would take her unto myself,
And make her mine own lady."

"It 's Fyvie's lands are fair and wide,
And they are rich and bonny;
I would not leave my own true love,
For all the lands of Fyvie."

Her father struck her wondrous sore,
And also did her mother;

Her sisters always did her scorn ;
But woe be to her brother!

Her brother struck her wondrous sore,
With cruel strokes and many ;
He brake her back in the hall door,
For liking Andrew Lammie.

" Alas ! my father and mother dear,
Why so cruel to your Annie ?
My heart was broken first by love,
My brother has broken my body.

" O mother dear, make ye my bed,
And lay my face to Fyvie ;
Thus will I ly, and thus will die,
For my love, Andrew Lammie !

" Ye neighbours, hear, both far and near ;
Ye pity Tiftie's Annie,
Who dies for love of one poor lad,
For bonny Andrew Lammie.

" No kind of vice e'er stain'd my life,
Nor hurt my virgin honour ;
My youthful heart was won by love,
But death will me exoner."

Her mother then she made her bed,
And laid her face to Fyvie;
Her tender heart it soon did break,
And ne'er saw Andrew Lammie.

But the word soon went up and down,
Through all the lands of Fyvie,
That she was dead and buried,
Even Tiftie's bonny Annie.

Lord Fyvie he did wring his hands,
Said, "Alas, for Tiftie's Annie!
The fairest Flower 's cut down by love,
That e'er sprung up in Fyvie.

"O woe betide Mill o' Tiftie's pride!
He might have let them marry;
I should have giv'n them both to live
Into the lands of Fyvie."

Her father sorely now laments
The loss of his dear Annie,
And wishes he had gi'en consent
To wed with Andrew Lammie.

Her mother grieves both air and late;
Her sisters, 'cause they scorn'd her;

Surely her brother doth mourn and grieve
For the cruel usage he 'd giv'n her.

But now, alas! it was too late,
For they could not recal her;
Through life, unhappy is their fate,
Because they did controul her.

When Andrew hame from Edinburgh came,
With meikle grief and sorrow:
"My love has died for me to-day,
I 'll die for her to-morrow.

"Now I will on to Tiftie's den,
Where the burn runs clear and bonny;
With tears I 'll view the bridge of Sleugh,*
Where I parted last with Annie.

"Then will I speed to the church-yard,
To the green church-yard of Fyvie;
With tears I 'll water my love's grave,
Till I follow Tiftie's Annie."

* In one printed copy this is "Sheugh," and in a recited copy it was called "Skew"; which is the right reading, the editor, from his ignorance of the topography of the lands of Fyvie, is unable to say. It is a received superstition in Scotland, that, when friends or lovers part at a bridge, they shall never again meet.

Ye parents grave, who children have,
In crushing them be canny;
Lest when too late you do repent,
Remember Tiftie's Annie.

THE DOWIE DOWNS O' YARROW.

Of this ballad, "a collated edition," selected from various copies, professedly for the purpose of suiting the taste of "these more light and giddy-paced times," first appeared in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," under the title of "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow." The present version, taken from the recitation of an old woman in Kilbarchan, though containing some additional incidents, not to be found in the copy published in the "Border Minstrelsy," is chiefly valuable, as showing the state in which the song is preserved in the West of Scotland. For an account of the supposed hero, and of the traditions connected with the ballad, the reader is referred to the valuable and interesting work already alluded to.

There were three lords birling at the wine,
On the Dowie Dens o' Yarrow;
They made a compact them between,
They would go fecht to-morrow.

"Thou took our sister to be thy wife,
And thou ne'er thocht her thy marrow;

Thou stealed her frae her Daddy's back,
When she was the Rose o' Yarrow."

"Yes, I took your sister to be my wife,
And I made her my marrow;
I stealed her frae her Daddy's back,
And she 's still the Rose o' Yarrow."

He is hame to his lady gane,
As he had done before, O;
Says, "Madam, I must go and fecht,
On the Dowie Downs o' Yarrow."

"Stay at hame, my lord," she said,
"For that will breed much sorrow;
For my three brethren will slay thee,
On the Dowie Downs o' Yarrow."

"Hold your tongue, my lady fair;
For what needs a' this sorrow?
For I 'll be hame, gin' the clok strickes nine,
From the Dowie Downs o' Yarrow."

He wush his face, and she combed his hair,
As she had done before, O;
She dressed him up in his armour clear,
Sent him forth to fecht on Yarrow.

"Come ye here to hawk or hound,
Or drink the wine that 's sae clear, O?
Or come ye here to eat in your words,
That you 're not the Rose o' Yarrow?"

"I came not here to hawk or hound,
Nor to drink the wine that 's sae clear, O?
Nor I cam not here to eat in my words,
For I 'm still the Rose o' Yarrow."

Then they all begoud to fecht,
I wad they focht richt sore, O;
Till a cowardly man cam behind his back,
And pierced his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, it 's my man John,
As ye have done before, O;
And tell it to my gay ladye,
That I soundly sleep on Yarrow."

His man John, he has gane hame,
As he had done before, O;
And told it to his gay ladye,
That he soundly slept on Yarrow.

"I dream'd a dream now since the 'streen,
God keep us a' frae sorrow!

That my lord and I was pu'ing the heather green
From the dowie downs o' Yarrow."

Sometimes she rade, sometimes she gade,
As she had done before, O;
And aye between she fell in a swoon,
Lang or she cam to Yarrow.

Her hair it was five quarters lang,
'T was like the gold for yellow;
She twisted it round his milk-white hand,
And she 's drawn him hame frae Yarrow.

Out and spak her father dear,
Says, "What needs a' this sorrow?
For I 'll get you a far better lord
Than ever died on Yarrow."

"O hold your tongue, father," she said,
"For you 've bred a' my sorrow;
For that Rose 'll ne'er spring so sweet in May,
As that Rose I lost on Yarrow!"

THE QUEEN OF MAY, HER SONG.

In the quiet and solemn night,
When the moon is silvery bright,
Then the scritch owl's eerie cry
Mocks the beauties of the sky.
Tu whit tu whoo!
Its wild halloo
Doth read a drowsy homily.

From yon old castle's chimneys tall
The bat on leathern sail doth fall,
In wanton wise to skim the earth,
And flout the mouse that gave it birth.
Tu whit tu whoo!
That wild halloo
Hath marr'd the little monster's mirth.

Fond lovers seek the dewy vale
That swimmeth in the moonshine pale;
But, maids, beware, when in your ear
The scritch owl screams so loud and clear,

Tu whit tu whoo!
Its wild halloo
Doth speak of danger lurking near.

It bids beware of murmur'd sigh,
Of air-spun oath and wistful eye,
Of star that winks to conscious flower,
Thorough the roof of leaf-clad bower.
Tu whit tu whoo!
That wild halloo
Bids startled virtue own its power!

CHILD NORICE, ETC.

Of the many ancient ballads which have been preserved by tradition among the Peasantry of Scotland, none has excited more interest in the world of letters than the beautiful and pathetic tale of "Gil Morice"; and this, no less on account of its own intrinsic merits as a piece of exquisite poetry, than of its having furnished the plot of the justly celebrated tragedy of Douglas.* It has likewise supplied Mr. Langhorne with the principal materials from which he has woven the fabric of his sweet, though prolix, poem of "Owen of Carron"; and Mr. Jamieson mentions that it has also "been made the subject of a dramatic entertainment, with songs, by Mr. Rannie of Aberdeen." † Perhaps the list could be easily increased of

* "When this tragedy was originally produced at Edinburgh, in 1756, the title of the heroine was Lady Barnard: the alteration to Lady Randolph was made on its being transplanted to London." It was acted in Covent Garden in 1757. *Biographia Dramatica*, Vol. II., p. 175.

† *Popular Ballads and Songs*. Edinburgh, 1806, Vol. I., p. 5. "It has been thought," says the writer of *The Statistical Account of St. Ninians*, "though it cannot be certainly determined, that the Earl's burn, the Earl's hill, a hill and rivulet in the muirland part of the parish, derived their names from the residence of some feudal Baron, or Earl, in the neighbourhood of the Carron. It is natural to suppose that Gillies hill,

those who have drawn their inspiration from this affecting strain of Olden Minstrelsy.

If any reliance is to be placed on the traditions of that part of the country where the scene of the ballad is laid, we will be enforced to believe that it is founded on facts which occurred at some remote period of Scottish History. The "grene wode" of the ballad was the ancient forest of Dundaff, in Stirlingshire, and Lord Barnard's Castle is said to have occupied a precipitous cliff, overhanging the water of Carron, on the lands of Halbertshire. A small burn, which joins the Carron about five miles above these lands, is named the Earlsburn, and the hill near the source of that stream is called the Earlshill, both deriving their appellations, according to the unvarying traditions of the country, from the unfortunate Erle's son who is the hero of the ballad. He, also, according to the same respectable authority, was "beautiful exceedingly," and especially remarkable for the extreme length and loveliness of his yellow hair, which shrouded him as it were a golden mist. To these floating traditions we are, probably, indebted for the attempts which have been made to improve and embellish the ballad, by the

another hill in the muirland part of the parish, derives its name from the name Gill, or Gillies. The names both of Gillies and Morrison occur in the muirlands. It is certain that the fair lady, mother of Gil Morice, 'lived on the Carronside.' This union of facts and probabilities suggests to the imagination, though it cannot persuade the judgment, that this parish was the scene of the tragical song known by the name of *Gil Morice*." *Statistical Account of Scotland*, Vol. XVIII., p. 392. If the Reverend Author, instead of stringing together his facts and probabilities, had consulted some of the ancient Sybils, who were his parishioners in that quarter, upon the subject, he would have arrived at more certainty in his deductions.

introduction of various new stanzas since its first appearance in a printed form.

Of the early printed editions of this ballad the Editor has been unable to procure any copy.* In Percy's "Reliques," it is mentioned that it had run through two editions in Scotland, the second of which appeared at Glasgow in 1755, 8vo.; and that to both there was prefixed an advertisement, setting forth that the preservation of the poem was owing "to a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses," and requesting that "any reader, who could render it more correct or complete, would oblige the public with such improvements." This was holding out too tempting a bait not to be greedily snapped at by some of those "Ingenious Hands" who have corrupted the purity of legendary song in Scotland by manifest forgeries and gross impositions. Accordingly, sixteen additional verses soon appeared in manuscript, which the Editor of the "Reliques" has inserted in their proper places, though he rightly views them in no better light than that of an ingenious interpolation. Indeed, the whole ballad of "Gil Mor-

* Since writing this, he has been kindly favoured, by Mr. David Laing, of Edinburgh, with an Edition, which, though it has neither place, date, nor printer's name, may, from its title, be considered as the first Edinburgh Edition, and printed, probably, in 1756. The title is given at length,—"Gill Morice, An Ancient Scots Poem. The foundation of the Tragedy, called Douglas, as it is now acted in the Concert-hall, Canongate." Except some slight variations in orthography, and in its omitting the sixteen additional verses which are mentioned by Bishop Percy as having been subsequently added to the ballad, there is no other material difference between this Edition and that which is reprinted in the *Reliques*.

ice," as the writer of the present notice has been politely informed by the learned and elegant Editor of the "Border Minstrelsy," underwent a total revisal about the period when the tragedy of Douglas was in the zenith of its popularity, and this improved copy, it seems, embraced the ingenious interpolation above referred to. Independent altogether of this positive information, any one, familiar with the state in which traditionary poetry has been transmitted to the present times, can be at no loss to detect many more "ingenious interpolations," as well as paraphrastic additions, in the ballad as now printed. But, though it has been grievously corrupted in this way, the most scrupulous inquirer into the authenticity of ancient song can have no hesitation in admitting that many of its verses, even as they now stand, are purely traditionary, and fair, and genuine parcels of antiquity, unalloyed with any base admixture of modern invention, and in no wise altered, save in those changes of language to which all oral poetry is unavoidably subjected, in its progress from one age to another. For the gratification of the general reader, and for the apter illustration of the more ancient and less vitiated sets of the ballad which follow, an accurate reprint of the copy which occurs in Percy's "Reliques" is now given.

GIL MORRICE.*

Gil Morrice was an erle's son,
His name it waxed wide:

* The acknowledged interpolated portions of this set, which are from verse 109 to verse 120, and from verse 125 to verse 128, have also been distinguished by brackets.

It was nae for his great riches,
Nor zet his mickle pride;
Bot it was for a lady gay *
That liv'd on Carron side.
Quhair sall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoen;
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his lady cum?
And ze maun rin my errand, Willie,
And ze may rin wi' pride;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
On horseback ze sall ride.
O no! O no! my master dear!
I dare nae for my life;
I 'll no gae to the bauld baron's,
For to triest furth his wife.
My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My dear Willie, he say'd:
How can ze strive against the stream?
For I sall be obey'd.
Bot, O my master dear! he cry'd,
In grene wod ze 're zour lain;
Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ze rede,
For fear ze should be tain.
Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
Bid hir cum here wi' speid:

* The stall copies of the ballad complete the stanza thus:

His face was fair, lang was his hair,
In the wild woods he staid;
But his fame was for a fair lady
That lived on Carronside.

Which is no injudicious interpolation, inasmuch as it is founded upon the traditions current among the vulgar, regarding Gil Morice's comely face and long yellow hair.

If ze refuse my heigh command,
I 'll gar zour body bleid.
Gae bid hir take this gay mantel,
'T is a' gowd bot the hem;
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
And bring nane bot hir lain:
And there it is, a silken sarke,
Hir ain hand sew'd the sleive;
And bid hir cum to Gil Morice,
Speir nae bauld baron's leave.
Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
Though it be to zour cost;
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
In it ze sall find frost.
The baron he is a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt;
As ze will see, before it 's nicht,
How sma' ze hae to vaunt.
And sen I maun zour errand rin
Sae sair against my will,
I 'se mak a vow and keip it trow,
It sall be done for ill.
And quhen he came to broken brigue,
He bent his bow and swam;
And quhen he came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.
And quhen he came to Barnard's ha',
Would neither chap nor ca';
Bot set his bent bow to his breist,*
And lichtly lap the wa'.

This line the stall copies give thus:
"But bent his bow to his white breast";
reading very expressive of the action meant to be described,

He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
  Though he stude at the gait;
Bot straiht into the ha' he cam,
  Quhair they were set at meit.
Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!
  My message winna waite;
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod,
  Before that it be late.
Ze 're bidden tak this gay mantel,
  'T is a' gowd bot the hem:
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
  Ev'n by your sel alane.
And there it is, a silken sarke,
  Your ain hand sew'd the sleive:
Ze maun gae speik to Gil Morice;
  Speir nae bauld baron's leave.
The lady stamped wi' hir foot,
  And winked wi' hir ee;
Bot a' that she could say or do,
  Forbidden he wad nae bee.
It 's surely to my bow'r-woman;
  It neir could be to me.
I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady;
  I trow that ze be she.
Then up and spack the wylie nurse
  (The bairn upon hir knee):
If it be cum frae Gil Morice,
  It 's deir welcum to mee.
Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurse,
  Sae loud I heird ze lee;

---

and which, if correct, would render nugatory all Mr. Jamieson's arguments upon a similar passage in another ballad, to prove that, instead of *bent*, we should substitute *brent*.

I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady;
I trow ze be nae shee.
Then up and spack the bauld baron,
An angry man was hee;
He 's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee,
Till siller cup and mazer * dish
In flinders he gar'd flee.
Gae bring a robe of zour cliding,
That hings upon the pin;
And I 'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speik wi' zour lemman.
O bide at hame, now, Lord Barnard,
I warde ze bide at hame;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate ze wi' nane.
Gil Morice sate in gude grene wode,
He whistled and he sang:
O what mean a' the folk coming?
My mother tarries lang.
[His hair was like the threeds of gold
Drawne frae Minerva's loome;
His lipps like roses drapping dew;
His breath was a' perfume.
His brow was like the mountain snae
Gilt by the morning beam;
His cheeks like living roses glow;
His een like azure stream.
The boy was clad in robes of grene,
Sweete as the infant spring;

* i. e. a drinking cup of maple; other editions read *czar*." 'ercy.

And like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the vallies ring.]
The baron came to the grene wode,
Wi' mickle dule and care;
And there he first spied Gil Morice
Kameing his zellow hair,
[That sweetly wav'd around his face,
That face beyond compare;
He sang sae sweet, it might dispel
A' rage but fell dispair.]
Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morice,
My lady loed thee weel;
The fairest part of my bodie
Is blacker than thy heel.
Zet neir the less now, Gil Morice,
For a' thy great beautie,
Ze 's rew the day ze eir was born;
That head sall gae wi' me.
Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaited on the strae;*
And thro' Gil Morice' fair body
He 's gar cauld iron gae.
And he has tain Gil Morice' head,
And set it on a speir:
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.
And he has tain Gil Morice up,
Laid him across his steid,
And brocht him to his painted bow'r,
And laid him on a bed.

* This line, to get at its meaning, should be printed, "And slait it on the strae." Mr. Pinkerton has a most ridiculous gloss on this passage in his *Tragic Ballads*.

The lady sat on castil wa',
  Beheld baith dale and doun;
And there she saw Gil Morice' head
  Cum trailing to the toun.
Far better I loe that bluidy head,
  Bot and that zellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
  As they lig here and thair.
And she has tain her Gil Morice,
  And kiss'd baith mouth and chin:
I was once as fow of Gil Morice,
  As the hip is o' the stean.
I got ze in my father's house,
  Wi' mickle sin and shame;
I brocht thee up in gude green wode,
  Under the heavy rain.
Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
  And fondly seen thee sleip;
Bot now I gae about thy grave,
  The saut tears for to weip.
And syne she kiss'd his bluidy cheik,
  And syne his bluidy chin:
O better I loe my Gil Morice
  Than a' my kith and kin!
Away, away, ze ill woman,
  And an il deith mait ze dee:
Gin I had ken'd he 'd bin zour son,
  He 'd neir bin slain for mee.
Obraid me not, my Lord Barnard!
  Obraid me not for shame!
Wi' that saim speir, O pierce my heart!
  And put me out o' pain.
Since nothing bot Gil Morice' head
  Thy jelous rage could quell,

Let that saim hand now tak hir life
That neir to thee did ill.
To me nae after days nor nichts
Will eir be saft or kind;
I 'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
And greet till I am blind.
Enouch of blood by me 's bin spilt,
Seek not zour death frae mee;
I rather lourd it had been my sel
Than eather him or thee.
With waefo wae I hear zour plaint;
Sair, sair I rew the deid,
That eir this cursed hand of mine
Had gar'd his body bleid.
Dry up zour tears, my winsome dame,
Ze neir can heal the wound;
Ze see his head upon the speir,
His heart's blude on the ground.
I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' sik speid,
The comely zouth to kill.
I 'll ay lament for Gil Morice,
As gin he were mine ain;
I 'll neir forget the dreiry day
On which the zouth was slain.*

* "It may be proper to mention that other copies read verse 110 thus:

'Shot frae the golden sun;'

and verse 116 as follows:

'His een like azure sheene.'" —Percy.

In the shape which it now bears, the foregoing ballad must be considered as one whose text has been formed out of various sets, combined by the taste, and, in all likelihood, materially eked out by the invention, of the editor of 1755. The worthy and useful class of "old women and nurses," from whose mouths it is stated to be carefully taken, has not entirely disappeared; but it would defy the most unwearied and persevering industry to obtain from their lips, in this day, any duplicate of the present copy, which could, by unexceptionable evidence, be traced to a period anterior to the date of the first edition. The scene of wire-drawn recrimination between Lord Barnard and his lady, which is quite out of keeping with the character of the "bauld baron," is of itself quite enough to convince any one versant in this species of literature, that it has come through the refining hands of a modern ballad-wright. In this opinion the present writer does not stand singular; for both Mr. Ritson and Mr. Jamieson agree in rejecting, as spurious, the stanzas which follow after the one beginning

"Away, away, ze ill woman";

and the opinion of these criticks in such a question is, certainly, entitled to much deference.

But, fortunately for those desirous of fixing the genuineness of traditionary poetry, the opinion now expressed does not rest, for its accuracy, on mere conjecture. In the course of his inquiries on this subject, the Editor received from the recitation of an old woman a copy which, while it confirms that opinion, and affords a fair specimen of what the sets of the ballad probably were, from which the text of "Gil Morrice" was selected, likewise proves that the editor

of the "Reliques" was perfectly correct, when he stated that the ballad was current in Scotland, under the very title which the present copy bears, namely, —

CHIELD MORICE.*

Chield Morice was an earl's son,
His name it waxed wide:
It was nae for his parentage,
Nor yet his meikle pride;
But it was for a lady gay
That liv'd on Carron side.
O Willie, my man, my errand gang,
And you maun rin wi' speed;
When other boys rin on their feet,
On horseback ye shall ride.
O master dear, I love you weel,
And I love you as my life;
But I will not gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
For to tryst forth his wife.
For the baron he 's a man of might,
He ne'er could bide a taunt;
And ye shall see or it be late,
How meikle ye 'll hae to vaunt.

---

* This was the title given by the old woman herself. She is now seventy years of age; and the ballad in question she learned in her infancy from her grandmother. She mentions that at a later period of her life she also committed to memory "Gil Morrice," which began with younger lasses like her to be a greater favourite, and more fashionable, than the set which her grandmother and other old folks used to sing under the title of "Chield Morice."

O you must rin my errand, Willie,
And you maun rin wi' speed;
And if you don't obey my hie command,
I 'll gar your body bleed.
And here it is a gay manteel,
It 's a' gowd bot the hem;
Bid her come speak to Chield Morice,
Bring nae body but her lane.
And here it is a Holland smock,
Her ain hand sewed the sleeve;
Bid her come speak to Chield Morice,
Ask not the Baron's leave.
Since I must rin this errand for you,
Sae sair against my will,
I 've made a vow, and I 'll keep it true,
It shall be done for ill.
For he did not ask the porter's leave,
Tho' he stood at the gate;
But straight he ran to the big hall,
Where great folk sat at meat.
Good hallow, gentle Sir and Dame,
My errand canna wait;
Dame, ye must gae speak to Chield Morice,
Before it be too late.
And here it is a gay manteel,
Its a' gowd bot the hem;
Ye must come speak to Chield Morice, —
Bring nae body but your lane.
And here it is a Holland smock,
Your ain hand sewed the sleeve;
You must come speak to Chield Morice, —
Ask not the Baron's leave.

O aye she stamped wi' her foot,
And winked wi' her e'e;
But for a' that she could say or do,
Forbidden he wadna be.
It 's surely to my bouir-woman,
It canna be to me.
I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady,
And I trow that thou art she.
Out then spak the wylie nurse,
Wi' the bairn just on her knee:
If this be come from Chield Morice,
It 's dear welcome to me.
Thou lies, thou lies, thou wylie nurse,
Sae loud 's I hear thee lie;
I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady,
And I trow thou binna she.
Then up and rose him the bold baron,
And an angry man was he;
He took the table wi' his foot,
And kepp'd it wi' his knee,
Till silver cup and ezar dish
In flinders they did flee.
Go bring me one of thy cleiding
That hings upon the pin,
And I 'll awa' to the gude green wood,
And crack wi' your leman.
I would have you stay at hame, Lord Barnard,
I would have you stay at hame;
Never wyte a man for violence done
That never thocht you wrang.
And when he to the green wood went,
Nobody saw he there,
But Chield Morice on a milk-white steed,
Combing down his yellow hair.

Chield Morice sat in the gay green wood,
He whistled and he sang:
O what means a' thir folk coming?
My mother tarries lang.
No wonder, no wonder, Chield Morice, he said,
My lady loved thee weel;
For the whitest bit of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.
But nevertheless now, Chield Morice,
For a' thy gay beautie,
O nevertheless now, Chield Morice,
Thy head shall go with me.
He had a rapier by his side,
Hung low down by his knee;
He struck Chield Morice on the neck,
Till aff his head did flee.
Then he's taen up that bluidy head,
And stuck it on a spear,
And the meanest man in a' his train
Gat Chield Morice' head to bear.
The lady look'd owre the castle wa',
Wi' meikle dule and down,*
And there she saw Chield Morice' head
Coming trailing to the town.
But he's taen up this bluidy head,
And dash'd it 'gainst the wa':
Come down, come down, you ladies fair,
And play at this footba'!

* So recited; the word *down* must here be considered as signifying a presentiment of coming evil. *Quære*, — whether does is line, or the corresponding one in *Gil Morrice*, preserve the ght reading?

Then she's taen up this bluidy head,
And she kiss'd it baith cheek and chin;
I would rather hae ae kiss o' that bluidy head
Than a' thy Earldom.
I got him in my father's bower,
Wi' meikle sin and shame;
And I brocht him up in the gay green wood,
Beneath the heavy rain.
Many a day have I rock'd thy cradle,
And fondly seen thee sleep;
But now I 'll gang about thy grave,
And sair, sair will I weep.
O woe be to thee, thou wild woman,
And an ill deid may thou die;
For if ye had tauld me he was your son,
He should hae ridden and gane wi' me.
O hold your tongue, you bold baron,
And an ill deid may thou die;
He had lands and rents enew of his ain,
He needed nane frae thee.
Then I 'll curse the hand that did the deed,
The heart that thocht him ill,
The feet that carried me speedilie,
This comely youth to kill.
This lady she died gin ten o' the clock,
Lord Barnard he died gin twal';
And bonnie boy, now sweet Willie, -
What 's come o' him I canna tell.

Besides the foregoing, there seems to have been another version of this ballad at one time known, three stanzas of which, being all that he was able to recover, Mr Jamieson

has given in his "Notes on Childe Maurice." These stanzas are said to be the beginning and end of the piece. They are as follows:

"Gil Morris sat in silver wood,
He whistled and he sang:
'Whare sall I get a bonny boy
My errand for to gang?'
He 's ca'd his foster-brither Willie:
'Come, win ye hose and shoon,
And gae unto Lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his lady come.'

. . . . .

And she has ta'en the bloody head,
And cast it i' the brim;
Syne gathered up her robes o' green,
And fast she followed him."

The set of the ballad to which these verses belong the Editor has been at some pains to recover; but in this respect, he has been equally unfortunate with Mr. Jamieson. He has been informed, however, by Mr. Sharpe, that the above fragment is incorporated in an Annandale version of the ballad, which also ingrafts a novel feature on the story, inasmuch as it is wound up by making the ghost of the slain youth appear to his mother, between whom a colloquy, somewhat in the vein of May Margaret's discourse with the spirit of Clerk Saunders, takes place; and then, agreeably to established use and wont, after such an interview, she follows the noiseless footsteps of the beloved shade, and expires on the spot, where it is resolved into "thin air."

The precise form in which the ballad was known to the author of "Douglas" cannot now be ascertained. From the circumstance of the catastrophe of the above fragment and that of the tragedy agreeing with each other,* Mr. Jamieson fancies it probable that it may have been part of the traditionary version followed by Mr. Home. The present editor has been politely informed by Sir Walter Scott, that he had, at different times, enquired of the late Mr. Home concerning the ballad on which his poem was supposed to be founded, but without success, owing to the then impaired state of the venerable Dramatist's memory.

At rather an early period, the ballad, somewhat differing, it must be confessed, from any copy known to exist in Scotland, appears to have been also popular in the North of England; and indeed with it, as with many more, it might be difficult to say to which country it of right exclusively belongs. This is the set of the ballad to which Dr. Percy refers, as occurring in his folio MS., under the title of "Childe Maurice"; and it has been printed by Mr. Jamieson, in his collection, from that MS., with minute fidelity, who thereby hath conferred no small favour on the lover of ancient song. As it is not only a curious version withal, but likewise peculiarly illustrative, both of the sets which have gone before, and of that one which gives a title to this prolix argument, it is to be hoped that no apology will be

* The discrepancy, in this particular, between the common edition of the ballad and the tragedy of *Douglas* has been prettily supplied by some miserable verse maker, whose delectable continuation, extending to six stanzas, the curious reader will find printed among Mr. Jamieson's notes on *Childe Maurice*.

necessary for presenting it here to the reader, more especially as the valuable collection from which it is extracted hath not been so well received by the world as its merits deserve.

CHILDE MAURICE.

CHILDE MAURICE hunted ithe silven wood*
he hunted it round about
& noebody y^{t} he found theren
nor noebody without

and tooke his silver combe in his hand
to kembe his yellow lockes

he sayes come hither thou litle footpage
y^{t} runneth lowly by my knee
ffor thou shalt goe to John Steward's wiffe
& pray her speake wth mee

& as it ffalls out many times
as knotts been knitt on a kell
or merchant men gone to leeve London
either to buy ware or sell

and grete thou doe y^{t} ladye well
ever soe well ffroe mee

and as it ffalls out many times
as any harte can thinke
as schoole masters are in any schoole house
writting with pen and inke

---

* *Silven.* Sic in MS.

ffor if I might as well as shee may
this night I wold wth her speake

& heere I send a mantle of greene
as greene as any grasse
and bid her come to the silver wood *
to hunt wth Child Maurice

& there I send her a ring of gold
a ring of precyous stone
and bid her come to the silver wood
let for no kind of man

one while this litle boy he yode
another while he ran
until he came to John Steward's hall
I wis he never blan

and of nurture the child had good
he ran up hall & bower ffree
and when he came to this lady ffaire
sayes God you save and see

I am come ffrom Childe Maurice
a message unto thee
& Childe Maurice he greetes you well
& ever soe well ffrom me

and as it ffalls out oftentimes
as knotts been knitt on a kell
or merchant men gone to leeve London
either to buy or sell

---

* *Silver wood.* Sic in MS.

& as oftentimes he greetes you well
as any hart can thinke
or schoolemaster in any schoole
wryting wth pen and inke

& heere he sends a mantle of greene
as greene as any grasse
& he bidds you come to the silver wood
to hunt wth child Maurice

& heere he sends you a ring of gold
a ring of precyous stone
he prayes you to come to the silver wood
let for no kind of man

now peace now peace thou litle fotpage
ffor Christe's sake I pray thee
ffor if my Lo heare one of those words
thou must be hanged hye

John Steward stood under the Castle wall
& he wrote the words every one

& he called unto his horssekeeper
make ready you my steede
and soe he did to his Chamberlaine
make readye then my weed

& he cast a lease upon his backe
& he rode to the silver wood
& there he sought all about
about the silver wood

& there he found him Childe Maurice
sitting upon a blocke

wth a silver combe in his hand
kembing his yellow locke

he sayes how now how now Childe Maurice
alacke how may this bee
but then stood by him Childe Maurice
& sayd these words trulye

I do not know your ladye he said
if that I doe her see
ffor thou hast sent her love tokens
more now then 2 or 3

for thou hast sent her a mantle of greene
as greene as any grasse
& bade her come to the silver wood
to hunt wth Childe Maurice

and by my faith now Childe Maurice
the tane of us shall dye
now by my troth sayd Childe Maurice
& that shall not be I

but he pulled out a bright browne sword
& dryed it on the grasse
& soe fast he smote at John Steward
I wis he never rest

then hee pulled forth his bright browne sword
& dryed itt on his sleeve
& the ffirst good stroke John Steward stroke
Child Maurice head he did cleeve

& he pricked it on his sword's poynt
went singing there beside

and he rode till he came to the ladye ffaire
whereas his ladye lyed

and sayes dost thou know Child Maurice head
iff that thou dost it see
and llap it soft, and kisse itt offt
ffor thou lovedst him better than mee

but when shee looked on Child Maurice head
shee never spake words but three
I never beare noe child but one
and you have slain him trulye

sayes wicked be my merry men all
I gave meate drinke and clothe
but cold they not have holden me
when I was in all that wrath

ffor I have slaine one of the courteousest knights
that ever betrode a steede
soe have I done one of the fairest ladyes
that ever ware woman's weede

What has gone before forms a fit introduction to the very cient traditionary ballad on the same subject, which is w for the first time printed. With much deference to e opinion of others skilled in these matters, the Editor has challenge for it, in point of antiquity, a precedence far ove any of its fellows; indeed, in his judgment, it has ery appearance of being the prime root from which all e variations of the ballad heretofore known have orig-ated.

In this place, it may be remarked, too, that it obviously

preserves the true title of the ballad, "Morice" and "Maurice" being evident corruptions of "Norice," a nursling, or foster, — corruptions which, from similarity of sound in the enunciation, can easily be conceived as likely ones into which reciters, who learn by the ear, are exceedingly apt to fall; and corruptions, of which the experience of every one who has attempted to collect these interesting monuments of early song can furnish ample parallels. Again, its clear, straight-forward, rapid, and succinct narrative, its extreme simplicity of style, and utter destitution of all ornament, argue most powerfully in behalf of the primitiveness and authenticity of its text. It is, in fact, the very anatomy of a perfect ballad, wanting nothing that it should have, and having nothing that it should want. By testimony of a most unexceptionable description, — but which it would be tedious here to detail, — the Editor can distinctly trace this ballad as existing in its present shape at least a century ago, which carries it decidedly beyond the date of the first printed copy of "Gil Morice"; and this, with a poem which has been preserved but by oral tradition, is no mean *positive* antiquity. If we imagine it a more ancient version than that contained in Dr. Percy's MS., our sole means of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion must be derived from such internal evidence as the ballad itself affords; and, both versions being now before the reader, he is enabled to judge deliberately for himself, and to form his own opinion on that which many will, ere this, I suspect, have deemed a very unimportant subject.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned that the ballad is exceedingly rare; and, so far as the Editor has been able to learn, it has escaped the notice of our most eminent col-

lectors of traditionary poetry. This may be ascribed to the refined and ornate paraphrase of "Gil Morice" having supplanted it in the affections of the vulgar, in the same way as the poem of "Sir James the Rose," attributed to the pen of Michael Bruce, hath absorbed, almost entirely, the memory of the old ballad on which it is founded.

CHILD NORYCE.*

Child Noryce is a clever young man,
He wavers wi' the wind;
His horse was silver shod before,
With the beaten gold behind.

He called to his little man John,
Saying, "You don't see what I see;
For O yonder I see the very first woman
That ever loved me.

"Here is a glove, a glove," he said,
"Lined with the silver grey;
You may tell her to come to the merry green wood,
To speak to child Nory.

* That the reader may have no room to doubt the genuineness of a ballad for which a very high antiquity is claimed, the Editor thinks it right to mention that it is given verbatim as it was taken down from the singing of widow M'Cormick, who, at this date, (January, 1825,) resides in Westbrae Street of Paisley.

"Here is a ring, a ring," he says,
"It 's all gold but the stane;
You may tell her to come to the merry green wood,
And ask the leave o' nane."

"So well do I love your errand, my master,
But far better do I love my life;
O would ye have me go to Lord Barnard's castel,
To betray away his wife?"

"O don't I give you meat," he says,
"And don't I pay you fee?
How dare you stop my errand?" he says;
"My orders you must obey."

O when he came to Lord Barnard's castel,
He tinkled at the ring;
Who was as ready as Lord Barnard himself*
To let this little boy in?

"Here is a glove, a glove," he says,
"Lined with the silver grey;
You are bidden to come to the merry green wood,
To speak to Child Nory.

* This unquestionably should be Lady Barnard, instead of her Lord; see third stanza under; but as it was so recited, this obvious error the Editor did not conceive himself warranted to correct, more especially as he has found it out of his power to obtain another copy of the ballad from any different quarter.

"Here is a ring, a ring," he says,
"It 's all gold but the stane:
You are bidden to come to the merry green wood,
And ask the leave o' nane."

Lord Barnard he was standing by,
And an angry man was he:
"O little did I think there was a lord in this world
My lady loved but me!"

O he dressed himself in the Holland smocks,
And garments that was gay;*
And he is away to the merry green wood,
To speak to Child Nory.

Child Noryce sits on yonder tree,
He whistles and he sings:
"O wae be to me," says Child Noryce,
"Yonder my mother comes!"

Child Noryce he came off the tree,
His mother to take off the horse:
"Och alace, alace," says Child Noryce,
"My mother was ne'er so gross."

---

* This ballad, more distinctly than either *Gil Morrice* or *Chield Morice*, announces the disguise resorted to by Lord Barnard, in order to surprise his supposed rival.

Lord Barnard he had a little small sword,
That hung low down by his knee;
He cut the head off Child Noryce,
And put the body on a tree.

And when he came to his castel,
And to his lady's hall,
He threw the head into her lap,
Saying, "Lady, there is a ball!"

She turned up the bloody head,
She kissed it frae cheek to chin:
"Far better do I love this bloody head
Than all my royal kin.

"When I was in my father's castell,
In my virginitie,
There came a lord into the North,
Gat Child Noryce with me."

"O wae be to thee, Lady Margaret," he said,
"And an ill death may you die;
For if you had told me he was your son,
He had ne'er been slain by me."

YOUNG HASTINGS THE GROOM.

R this ballad, which is now for the first time printed, re indebted to Mr. Peter Buchan, of Peterhead. It ommunicated to him by Mr. James Nicol, of Strichen.

O WELL love I to ride in a mist,
And shoot in a northern wind;
And far better a lady to steal,
That 's come of a noble kind.

Four-and-twenty fair ladies
Put on that lady's sheen;
And as many young gentlemen
Did lead her o'er the green.

Yet she preferred before them all
Him young Hastings the Groom;
He 's coosten a mist before them all,
And away this lady has ta'en.

He 's taken the lady on him behind,
Spared neither the grass nor corn,

Till they came to the wood of Amonshaw,
Where again their loves were sworn.

And they have lived in that wood
Full many a year and day;
And were supported, from time to time,
By what he made of prey.

And seven bairns fair and fine
There she has born to him,
And never was in good church door,
Nor never gat good kirking.

Once she took harp into her hand,
And harped them asleep;
Then she sat down at their couch side,
And bitterly did weep.

Said, "Seven bairns have I born now
To my lord in the ha';
I wish they were seven greedy rats,
To run upon the wa',
And I mysel' a great grey cat,
To eat them ane an' a'.

"For ten long years now I have lived
Within this cave of stane,

And never was at good church door,
Nor got no good churching."

O then outspak her eldest child,
And a fine boy was he, —
" O hold your tongue, my mother dear;
I 'll tell you what to dee.

" Take you the youngest in your lap,
The next youngest by the hand ;
Put all the rest of us you before,
As you learnt us to gang.

" And go with us into some good kirk, —
You say they are built of stane, —
And let us all be christened,
And you get good kirking."

She took the youngest in her lap,
The next youngest by the hand;
Set all the rest of them her before,
As she learnt them to gang.

And she has left the wood with them,
And to a kirk has gane ;
Where the good priest them christened,
And gave her good kirking.

LAMBERT LINKIN.

Of this very popular ballad various editions have been published. The first, in point of time, we believe, is that which appeared in Mr. Herd's Collection, Edinburgh, 1776, entitled "Lammikin"; the next that which occurs in Mr. Jamieson's Collection, Edinburgh, 1806, under the title of "Lamkin." Two different versions of it will also be found in Mr. Finlay's Collection, Edinburgh, 1808, under the title of "Lammikin," the first of which is a reprint of Mr. Herd's copy, interlaced with a number of additional verses, while the latter professes to be given wholly from a manuscript, corrected from a recited copy. Of all these copies, that given by Mr. Jamieson is unquestionably the best, as well as apparently the most authentic; the second copy given by Mr. Finlay is also genuine, but an abridged form of the original ballad. On the contrary, the copy in Mr. Herd's work is out of all sight the worst, inasmuch as it contains sundry injudicious interpolations and rhetorical embellishments by a modern hand. It is remarkable, however, that this interpolated edition (such is the taste of the times) is the one most frequently to be met with in our every-day collections of old ballads and songs.

The present copy is given from recitation; and though it could have received additions, and perhaps improvements,

from another copy, obtained from a similar source, and of equal authenticity, in his possession, the Editor did not like to use a liberty which is liable to much abuse. To some, the present set of the ballad may be valuable, as handing down both name and nickname of the revengeful builder of Prime Castle; for there can be little doubt that the epithet *Linkin* Mr. Lambert acquired from the secrecy and address with which he insinuated himself into that notable strength. Indeed, all the names of Lammerlinkin, Lammikin, Lamkin, Lankin, Linkin, Belinkin, can easily be traced out as abbreviations of Lambert Linkin. In the present set of the ballad, Lambert Linkin and Belinkin are used indifferently, as the measure of the verse may require; in the other recited copy, to which reference has been made, it is Lammerlinkin and Lamkin; and the nobleman for whom he "built a house" is stated to be "Lord Arran." No allusion, however, is made here to the name of the owner of Prime Castle. Antiquaries, peradventure, may find it as difficult to settle the precise locality of this fortalice, as they have found it to fix the topography of Troy.

BELINKIN was as gude a mason
As e'er pickt a stane;
He built up Prime Castle,
But payment gat nane.

The lord said to his lady,
When he was going abroad,

"O beware of Belinkin,
For he lyes in the wood."

The gates they were bolted,
Baith outside and in;
At the sma' peep of a window
Belinkin crap in.

"Gude morrow, gude morrow,"
Said Lambert Linkin.
"Gude morrow to yoursell, sir,"
Said the fause nurse to him.

"O whare is your gude lord?"
Said Lambert Linkin.
"He 's awa to New England,
To meet with his king."

"O where is his auld son?"
Said Lambert Linkin.
"He 's awa to buy pearlings,
Gin our lady ly in."

"Then she 'll never wear them,"
Said Lambert Linkin.
"And that is nae pity,"
Said the fause nurse to him.

"O where is your lady?"
Said Lambert Linkin.
"She 's in her bouir sleepin',"
Said the fause nurse to him.

"How can we get at her?"
Said Lambert Linkin.
"Stab the babe to the heart
Wi' a silver bo'kin."

"That wud be a pity,"
Said Lambert Linkin.
"Nae pity, nae pity,"
Said the fause nurse to him.

Belinkin he rocked,
And the fause nurse she sang,
Till a' the tores * o' the cradle
Wi' the red blude down ran.

"O still my babe, nurice,
O still him wi' the knife."

---

* *Tores.* The projections or knobs at the corners of old-fashioned cradles, and the ornamented balls commonly found surmounting the backs of old chairs. Dr. Jamieson does not seem to have had a precise notion of this word. *Vide* IV. Vol. of his *Dictionary, voce Tore.*

" He 'll no be still, lady,
Tho' I lay down my life."

" O still my babe, nurice,
O still him wi' the kame."
" He 'll no be still, lady,
Till his daddy come hame."

" O still my babe, nurice,
O still him wi' the bell."
" He 'll no be still, lady,
Till ye come down yoursell."

" It 's how can I come doun,
This cauld frosty nicht,
Without e'er a coal
Or a clear candle licht? "

" There 's twa smocks in your coffer,
As white as a swan ;
Put ane o' them about you,
It will shew you licht doun."

She took ane o' them about her,
And came tripping doun ;
But as soon as she viewed,
Belinkin was in.

" Gude morrow, gude morrow,"
Said Lambert Linkin.
" Gude morrow to yoursell, sir,"
Said the lady to him.

" O save my life, Belinkin,
Till my husband come back,
And I 'll gie ye as much red gold
As ye 'll haud in your hat."

" I 'll not save your life, lady,
Till your husband come back,
Tho' you wud gie me as much red gold
As I could haud in a sack.

" Will I kill her ? " quo' Belinkin,
" Will I kill her, or let her be ? "
" You may kill her," said the fause nurse,
" She was ne'er gude to me ;
And ye 'll be laird o' the Castle,
And I 'll be ladye."

Then he cut aff her head
Fra her lily breast bane,
And he hung 't up in the kitchen,
It made a' the ha' shine.

The lord sat in England
A-drinking the wine :
" I wish a' may be weel
Wi' my lady at hame ;
For the rings o' my fingers
They 're now burst in twain ! "

He saddled his horse,
And he came riding doun ;
But as soon as he viewed,
Belinkin was in.

He hadna weel stepped
Twa steps up the stair,
Till he saw his pretty young son
Lying dead on the floor.

He hadna weel stepped
Other twa up the stair,
Till he saw his pretty lady
Lying dead in despair.

He hanged Belinkin
Out over the gate ;
And he burnt the fause nurice,
Being under the grate.

REEDISDALE AND WISE WILLIAM.

We are not aware of this excellent Ballad having, till now, appeared in print. It is from the recitation of Mr. Nicol Strichen, and was communicated to us by Mr. P. Buchan, of Peterhead, whom we have to thank for several valuable contributions of a like nature.

When Reedisdale and Wise William
Was drinking at the wine,
There fell a roosing them amang,
On one unruly time.

For some of them has roosed their hawks,
And other some their hounds;
And other some their ladies fair,
And their bow'rs whare they walk'd in.

When out it spak him Reedisdale,
And a rash word spak he:
Says, "There is not a lady fair,
In bower wherever she be,

But I could aye her favour win,
With one blink of my e'e."

Then out it spak him Wise William,
And a rash word spak he:
Says, "I have a sister of my own,
In bower wherever she be,
And ye will not her favour win,
With three blinks of your e'e."

"What will you wager, Wise William?
My lands I 'll wad with thee."
"I 'll wad my head against your land,
Till I get more monie."

Then Reedisdale took Wise William,
Laid him in prison strang;
That he might neither gang nor ride,
Nor no word to her send.

But he has written a braid letter,
Between the night and day,
And sent it to his own sister,
By dun feather and gray.

When she had read Wise William's letter,
She smiled and she leuch:

Said, " Very weel, my dear brother,
Of this I have eneuch."

She looked out at her west window,
To see what she could see,
And there she spied him Reedisdale
Come riding o'er the lea.

Says, " Come to me, my maidens all,
Come hitherward to me;
For here it comes him Reedisdale,
Who comes a-courting me."

" Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you give me."
" Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you will not see."

" Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you give me;
And bonnie is the gowns of silk
That I will give to thee."

" If you have bonnie gowns of silk,
O mine is bonnie tee;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you shall not see."

" Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I 'll see ;
And bonnie jewels, broaches, rings,
I will give unto thee."

" If you have bonnie broaches, rings,
O mine are bonnie tee ;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you shall not see."

" Come down, come down, my lady fair,
One sight of you I 'll see ;
And bonnie is the halls and bowers
That I will give to thee."

" If you have bonnie halls and bowers,
O mine is bonnie tee ;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you shall not see."

" Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I 'll see ;
And bonnie is my lands so broad
That I will give to thee."

" If you have bonnie lands so broad,
O mine is bonnie tee ;

Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you will not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I 'll see;
And bonnie is the bags of gold
That I will give to thee."

"If you have bonnie bags of gold,
I have bags of the same;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For down I will not come."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
One sight of you I 'll see;
Or else I 'll set your house on fire,
If better cannot be."

Then he has set the house on fire,
And all the rest it took;
He turned his wight horse head about,
Said, "Alas! they 'll ne'er get out."

"Look out, look out, my maidens fair,
And see what I do see;
How Reedisdale has fired our house,
And now rides o'er the lea.

" Come hitherward, my maidens fair,
Come hither unto me;
For through this reek and through this smeek,
O through it we must be."

They took wet mantles them about,
Their coffers by the band;
And through the reek and through the flame
Alive they all have wan.

When they had got out through the fire,
And able all to stand,
She sent a maid to Wise William,
To bruik Reedisdale's land.

" Your lands is mine, now, Reedisdale,
For I have won them free."
" If there is a good woman in the world,
Your one sister is she."

BARBARA LIVINGSTON.

A MUCH longer set of this ballad will be found in Mr. Jamieson's collection, Vol. II. The present version is given from recitation. Its catastrophe differs from that of Mr. Jamieson's copy.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY ladies fair
Were playing at the ba',
And out cam Barbara Livingston,
The flower amang them a'.

Out cam Barbara Livingston,
The flower amang them a';—
The lusty Laird of Linlyon*
Has stoun her clean awa'.

"The hielands is no for me, kind sir,
The hielands is no for me;
But if you would my favour win,
Ye 'll tak me to Dundee."

* Mr. Jamieson has "Glenlyon," which is probably the right name.

"The hielands 'll be for thee, my dear,
The hielands will be for thee;
To the lusty Laird o' Linlyon
A-married ye shall be."

When they cam to Linlyon's yetts,
And lichtit on the green,
Every ane spak Earse to her,—
The tears cam trickling down.

When they went to bed at nicht,
To Linlyon she did say,—
"Och and alace! a weary nicht,
Oh! but it 's lang till day."

"Your father's steed 's in my stable,
He 's eating corn and hay,
And you 're lying in my twa arms;
What need you lang for day?"

"If I had paper, pen, and ink,
And candle for to see,
I would write a lang letter
To my love in Dundee."

They brocht her paper, pen, and ink,
And candle for to see,

And she did write a lang letter
To her love in Dundee.

When he cam to Linlyon's yetts,
And lichtit on the green,
But lang or he wan up the stair,
His love was dead and gane.

"Woe be to thee, Linlyon,
An ill death may thou die;
Thou might hae ta'en anither woman,
And let my lady be."

SWEET WILLIAM.

THIS ballad is given from the chaunting of an old woman. It has never been before printed.

SWEET WILLIAM 's gane over seas,
Some unco lair to learn,
And our gude Bailie's ae dochter
Is awa to learn the same.

In ae braid buik they learned baith,
In ae braid bed they lay;
But when her father cam to know,
He gart her come away.

"It 's you must marry that Southland lord,
His lady for to be;
It 's ye maun marry that Southland lord,
Or nocht ye 'll get frae me."

"I must marry that Southland lord,
Father, an it be your will;

But I 'd rather it were my burial day,
My grave for to fill."

She walked up, she walked down,
Had nane to mak her moan,
Nothing but the pretty bird
Sat on the causey stone.

" If thou could speak, wee bird," she says,
" As weel as thou can flee,
I would write a lang letter
To Will ayont the sea."

" What thou wants wi' Will," it says,
" Thou 'll seal it wi' thy ring ;
Tak a thread o' silk, and anither o' twine,
And about my neck it hing."

What she wanted wi' Willie
She sealed it wi' a ring ;
Took a thread o' silk, anither of twine,
About its neck did hing.

This bird flew high, this bird flew low,
This bird flew owre the sea,
Until it entered the same chamber
Wherein was sweet Willie.

This bird flew high, this bird flew low, —
  Poor bird, it was mista'en, —
It loot the letter fa' on Baldie's breast,
  Instead of sweet William.

" Here 's a letter, William," he says,
  " I 'm sure it 's not to me;
And gin the morn gin twelve o' clock
  Your love shall married be."

" Come saddle to me my horse," he said,
  " The brown and a' that 's speedie,
And I 'll awa' to Old England,
  To bring hame my ladie."

Awa he gade, awa he rade,
  Awa wi' meikle speed;
He lichtit at every twa miles' end,
  Lichtit and changed his steed.

When she entered the church style,
  The tear was in her e'e;
But when she entered the church door,
  A blythe sight did she see.

" O hold your hand, you minister,
  Hold it a little wee,

Till I speak wi' the bonnie bride,
For she 's a friend to me.

" Stand off, stand off, you braw bridegroom,
Stand off a little wee ;
Stand off, stand off, you braw bridegroom,
For the bride shall join wi' me."

Up and spak the bride's father,
And an angry man was he, —
" If I had pistol, powther and lead,
And all at my command,
It 's I would shoot thee stiff and dead
In the place where thou dost stand."

Up and spoke then sweet William,
And a blithe blink from his e'e :
" If ye ne'er be shot till I shoot you,
Ye 'se ne'er be shot for me.

" Come out, come out, my foremost man,
And lift my lady on ;
Commend me all to my goodmother,
At night when you gang home."

MARY HAMILTON.

Of this ballad two complete, but somewhat differing, copies have already been published, — one in the "Border Minstrelsy," and the other in Mr. Sharpe's "Ballad Book"; the fragment of a third version is extant in "A North Countrie Garland," and this has subsequently appeared in "Gleanings of Old Ballads," by P. Buchan. The present copy differs from all these, and, as it shows the state in which it is frequently to be met with as preserved by tradition in the West of Scotland, no apology is deemed necessary for again presenting this interesting ballad to the notice of those who are curious in matters of this sort.

Sir Walter Scott inclines to ascribe the ballad to the following incident, mentioned by Knox: — "In the very time of the General Assembly, there comes to public knowledge a haynous murther committed in the Court; yea, not far from the Queen's lap; for a French woman that served in the Queen's chamber had played the whore with the Queen's own apothecary. The woman conceived and bare a childe, whom, with common consent, the father and mother murthered; yet were the cries of a new-borne childe hearde, searche was made, the childe and the mother were both apprehended, and so were the man and the woman condemned to be hanged in the publicke street of Edinburgh. The punishment was suitable, because the crime was haynous. But yet was not the Court purged of whores and

whoredoms, which was the fountaine of such enormities: for it was well known that shame hasted marriage betwixt John Sempill, called the Dancer,* and Mary Levingston, sirnamed the Lusty. What bruit the Maries and the rest of the dancers of the Court had, the ballads of that age do witnesse, which we for modestie's sake omit." — *History of the Reformation*, p. 373. For these modest scruples, in omitting the ballads of the age, the historian, it is believed, will receive but slender thanks at the hands of the poetic antiquary.

"It will readily strike the reader," adds the Editor of the "Border Minstrelsy," "that the tale has suffered great alterations, as handed down by tradition; the French waiting-woman being changed into Mary Hamilton, and the Queen's apothecary into Henry Darnley. Yet this is less surprising, when we recollect that one of the heaviest of the Queen's complaints against her ill-fated husband was his infidelity, and that even with her personal attendants."

Mr. Sharpe has prefixed his set of "Marie Hamilton" with these remarks:—"It is singular, that, during the reign of the Czar Peter, one of his Empress's attendants, a Miss Hamilton, was executed for the murder of a natural child, — not her first crime in that way, as was suspected; and the Emperor, whose admiration of her beauty did not preserve her life, stood upon the scaffold till her head was struck off, which he lifted by the ears and kissed on the

* This was the ancestor of Sir James Sempill of Beltrees. A new edition of the poetical works of Sir James, and of his descendants, will shortly appear, uniform with Mr. Laing's beautiful editions of Montgomerie's and Alexander Scott's poems.

lips. I cannot help thinking that the two stories have been confused in the ballad; for, if Marie Hamilton was executed in Scotland, it is not likely that her relations resided beyond seas; and we have no proof that Hamilton was really the name of the woman who made the slip with the Queen's apothecary."

In this set of the ballad, from its direct allusion to the use of the Savin tree, a clue is, perhaps, afforded for tracing how the poor mediciner mentioned by Knox should be implicated in the crime of Mary Hamilton. It may also be noted as a feature in this version of the ballad, which does not occur in any heretofore printed, the unfortunate heroine's proud and indignant spurning at life after her character had been tainted by the infamy of a sentence of condemnation. In another copy of the ballad, also obtained from recitation, this sentiment is, perhaps, still more forcibly expressed; at any rate, it is more appropriate as being addressed to the King. The whole concluding verses of this copy, differing as they somewhat do from the version adopted for a text, it has been thought worth while to preserve.

"But bring to me a cup, she says,
A cup bot and a can,
And I will drink to all my friends,
And they 'll drink to me again.
Here 's to you, all travellers,
Who travel by land or sea;
Let na wit to my father nor mother
The death that I must die.
Here 's to you, all travellers,
That travel on dry land;
Let na wit to my father or mother
But I am coming hame.

Oh, little did my mother think,
  First time she cradled me,
What land I was to travel on,
  Or what death I would die.
Oh, little did my mother think,
  First time she tied my head,
What land I was to tread upon,
  Or whare I would win my bread.
Yestreen Queen Mary had four Maries;
  This night she 'll hae but three;
She had Mary Seaton, and Mary Beaton,
  And Mary Carmichael, and me.
Yestreen I wush Queen Mary's feet,
  And bore her till her bed;
This day she 's given me my reward,
  The gallows tree to tread.
Cast aff, cast aff my gown, she said,
  But let my petticoat be;
And tye a napkin on my face,
  For that gallows I downa see.
By and cam the King himsell,
  Look'd up wi' a pitiful ee:
Come down, come down, Mary Hamilton;
  This day thou wilt dine with me.
Hold your tongue, my sovereign liege,
  And let your folly be;
An ye had had a mind to save my life,
  Ye should na hae shamed me here!"

The copy of the ballad from which the above extract is ven begins with this verse:

"There were three ladies, they lived in a bower,
  And oh but they were fair;

The youngest o' them is to the King's court,
To learn some unco lair."

There is another version in which the heroine is named Mary Myles, or Myle; but Myle is probably a corruption of the epithet "mild," which occurs in the fragment given in the "North Countrie Garland." This version, at least that which the Editor took from the singing of an old woman, commences thus:

"There lived a lord into the West,
And he had dochters three;
And the youngest o' them is to the King's court
To learn some courtesie.
She hadna been in the King's court
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till she was neither able to sit nor gang
Wi' the gaining o' some play."

By this set, too, it appears that this unfortunate lady's fate had excited the compassion of bosoms made of sterner stuff than the other copies mention:

"When she gaed up the Cannongate side,
The Cannongate side sae free,
Oh there she spied some *Minister lads*,
Crying, Och and alace for me!"

In an imperfect copy of the ballad, also obtained from recitation, the following stanza occurs, which is not to be met with in any other set which I have seen:

"They socht the chalmir up and down,
And in below the bed;
And there they fand a braw lad bairn
Lying lapperin' in his blude."

This fragment concludes with Mary Hamilton's declaring n the scaffold the lofty lineage from which she had sprung, nd intimating the cause of her undoing:

"My father he 's the Duke of York;
My mother 's a gay ladye;
And I mysell am a pretty fair lady,
And the King fell in love with me."

THERE lived a knight into the North,
And he had daughters three:
The ane of them was a barber's wife,
The other a gay ladie;

And the youngest o' them to Scotland is gane
The Queen's Mary to be;
And for a' that they could say or do,
Forbidden she wouldna be.

The prince's bed it was sae saft,
The spices they were sae fine,
That out of it she could not lye
While she was scarce fifteen.

She 's gane to the garden gay
To pu' of the Savin tree;
But for a' that she could say or do,
The babie it would not die.

She 's rowed it in her handkerchief,
  She threw it in the sea:
Says,—"Sink ye, swim ye, my bonnie babe,
  For ye 'll get nae mair of me."

Queen Mary came tripping down the stair,
  Wi' the gold strings in her hair:
"O whare 's the little babie," she says,
  That I heard greet sae sair?"

"O hald your tongue, Queen Mary, my dame,
  Let all those words go free;
It was mysell wi' a fit o' the sair colic,
  I was sick just like to die."

"O hald your tongue, Mary Hamilton,
  Let all those words go free;
O where is the little babie
  That I heard weep by thee?"

"I rowed it in my handkerchief,
  And threw it in the sea;
I bade it sink, I bade it swim,
  It would get nae mair o' me."

"O wae be to thee, Mary Hamilton,
  And an ill deid may you die;

For if you had saved the babie's life,
It might hae been an honour to thee.

"Busk ye, busk ye, Mary Hamilton,
O busk ye to be a bride;
For I am going to Edinburgh town
Your gay wedding to bide.

"You must not put on your robes of black,
Nor yet your robes of brown;
But you must put on your yellow gold stuffs,
To shine thro' Edinburgh town."

"I will not put on my robes of black,
Nor yet my robes of brown;
But I will put on my yellow gold stuffs,
To shine thro' Edinburgh town."

As she went up the Parliament Close,
A riding on her horse,
There she saw many a Burgess' lady
Sit greeting at the cross.

"O what means a' this greeting?
I 'm sure it 's nae for me;
For I 'm come this day to Edinburgh town,
Weel wedded for to be."

When she gade up the Parliament stair,
She gied loud lauchters three;
But ere that she had come down again,
She was condemned to die.

"O little did my mother think,
The day she prinned my gown,
That I was to come sae far frae hame
To be hanged in Edinburgh town.

"O what 'll my poor father think,
As he comes through the town,
To see the face of his Molly fair
Hanging on the gallows pin?

"Here 's a health to the mariners
That plough the raging main;
Let neither my mother nor father ken
But I 'm coming hame again.

"Here 's a health to the sailors
That sail upon the sea;
Let neither my mother nor father ken
That I came here to die.

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
This night she 'll hae but three;

There was Mary Beaton,* and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me."

"O hald your tongue, Mary Hamilton,
Let all those words go free;
This night ere ye be hanged,
Ye shall gang hame wi' me."

"O hald your tongue, Queen Mary, my dame,
Let all those words go free;
Since I have come to Edinburgh town,
It 's hanged I shall be;
For it shall ne'er be said that in your court
I was condemned to die."

---

* "In Balfour House, in Fifeshire, is a full-length portrait Mary Beaton." — *Ballad Book.*

SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

This old North Country ballad, which appears to be founded on fact, is well known in almost every corner of Scotland. Pinkerton printed it in his "Tragic Ballads," 1781, "from," as he says, "a modern edition in one sheet 12mo, after the old copy." Notwithstanding this reference to authority, the ballad certainly received a few conjectural emendations from his own pen; at least, the present version, which is given as it occurs in early stall prints, and as it is to be obtained from the recitations of elderly people, does not exactly correspond with his.

Two modern ballads have sprung out of this old one, namely, "Sir James the Ross," and "Elfrida and Sir James of Perth." The first of these is said to have been written by Michael Bruce; the latter is an anonymous production, and has found its way into Evans's Collection. *Vide* Vol. IV., London, 1810. It might be curious to ascertain which of these mournful ditties is the senior, were it for nothing else than perfectly to enjoy the cool impudence with which the graceless youngster has appropriated to itself, without thanks or acknowledgment, all the best things which occur in the other.

O HEARD ye of Sir James the Rose,
The young heir of Buleighan?
For he has killed a gallant squire,
And his friends are out to take him.

Now he 's gone to the house of Marr,
Where the nourice was his leman;
To seek his dear he did repair,
Thinking she would befriend him.

"Where are you going, Sir James?" she says,
"Or where now are you riding?"
"O I am bound to a foreign land,
For now I 'm under hiding.

"Where shall I go? where shall I run?
Where shall I go to hide me?
For I have killed a gallant squire,
And they 're seeking to slay me."

"O go ye down to yon ale-house,
And I 'll there pay your lawin';
And if I be a maiden true,
I 'll meet you in the dawin'."

"I 'll no go down to yon ale-house,
For you to pay my lawin';

There 's forty shillings for one supper,
I 'll stay in 't till the dawin'."

He 's turned him richt and round about,
And rowed him in his brechan;
And he has gone to take a sleep
In the lowlands of Buleighan.

He had not weel gone out o' sicht,
Nor was he past Millstrethen,
Till four-and-twenty belted knights
Came riding owre the Lethan.

"O have ye seen Sir James the Rose,
The young heir of Buleighan?
For he has killed a gallant squire,
And we 're sent out to take him."

"O I have seen Sir James," she says,
"For he passed here on Monday;
If the steed be swift that he rides on,
He 's past the gates o' London." *

As they rode on, man after man,
Then she cried out behind them,—

* "He 's past the hichts o' Lundie" (*Pinkerton*), which is probably the correct reading.

"If you do seek Sir James the Rose,
I 'll tell you where you 'll find him.

"Seek ye the bank abune the mill,
In the lowlands of Buleighan;
And there you 'll find Sir James the Rose
Lying sleeping in his brechan.

"You must not wake him out of sleep,
Nor yet must you affright him,
Till you drive a dart quite through his heart,
And through his body pierce him."

They sought the bank abune the mill,
In the lowlands of Buleighan,
And there they found Sir James the Rose
Lying sleeping in his brechan.

Up then spake Sir John the Graeme,
Who had the charge a-keeping, —
"It shall ne'er be said, dear gentlemen,
We killed him when a-sleeping."

They seized his broad sword and his targe,
And closely him surrounded;
And when he waked out of his sleep,
His senses were confounded.

"O pardon, pardon, gentlemen,
Have mercy now upon me!"
"Such as you gave, such you shall have,
And so we fall upon thee."

"Donald, my man, wait me upon,
And I 'll gie you my brechan;
And if you stay here till I die,
You 'll get my trews of tartan.

"There is fifty pounds in my pocket,
Besides my trews and brechan;
Ye 'll get my watch and diamond ring,
And take me to Loch-Largan."

Now they 've ta'en out his bleeding heart,
And stuck it on a spear,
Then took it to the house of Marr,
And gave it to his dear.

But when she saw his bleeding heart,
She was like one distracted;
She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
Crying, — "Oh! what have I acted?

"It 's for your sake, Sir James the Rose,
That my poor heart 's a-breaking;

Cursed be the day I did thee betray,
Thou brave knight o' Buleighan ! "

Then up she rose, and forth she goes,
And in that fatal hour
She bodily was borne away,
And never was seen more.

But where she went was never kent.
And so, to end the matter,
A traitor's end, you may depend,
Can never be no better.

FAIR ANNIE.

A FRAGMENT of this beautiful ballad first appeared in the Collection of David Herd, 1781.* A complete copy of it, obtained from recitation, was afterwards given in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," under the title of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annie." Two other copies, obtained from a similar source, appeared in the Appendix of Mr. Jamieson's Collection, entitled "Lady Jane" and "Burd Helen," from which he formed the ballad of "Lady Jane," received into the body of the work. The same gentleman has, in the work referred to, translated from the "Kæmpe Viser" a Danish ballad, entitled "Skiœn Anna," the story of which is the same with the present. To this he has subjoined some valuable and curious remarks on the striking resemblance which exists between the Scottish and Scandinavian traditionary songs. His views on this interesting subject are given much more extended in the second part of that very valuable volume,

* Mr. Jamieson has fallen into a mistake, in saying that the ballad first appeared in Pinkerton's *Ballads;* not reflecting that Mr. P. deserves little credit for his industry in *collecting* unedited ballads, however much he may be entitled to for his pains in *inventing* some.

"Northern Antiquities."* These we will have occasion to notice in the introduction to this work.

This ballad, Sir Walter Scott observes, is, in its subject, similar to the Breton romance of "Lai le Frain," or the Lay of the Ash; and it is probable, as the same writer suggests, that many other of our popular ballads may be likewise traced to a Romance original. In confirmation of this opinion, it may be noticed here, that, in one of the commonest of our stall ballads, namely, "The Factor's Garland, in Four Parts" (a deserved favourite with the vulgar), its principal, and certainly the most interesting, incident will be found in the curious romance of "Sir Amadas."†

Of the present ballad the Editor has two copies, both obtained from the recitation of old people. They differ somewhat from each other; but as both sets are worth preserving, the one which is rejected now will find a place in the Appendix.

"LEARN to mak your bed, Annie,
And learn to lie your lane;
For I maun owre the salt seas gang,
A brisk bride to bring hame.

"Bind up, bind up your yellow hair,
And tye it in your neck;

---

* *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities.* Edinburgh, 1814, 4to.
† Weber's *Metrical Romances*, Vol. III., Edinburgh, 1810.

And see you look as maiden-like
As the day that we first met."

" O how can I look maiden-like,
When maiden I 'll ne'er be ;
When seven brave sons I 've born to thee,
And the eighth is in my bodie ?

" The eldest of your sons, my lord,
Wi' red gold shines his weed ;
The second of your sons, my lord,
Rides on a milk-white steed.

" And the third of your sons, my lord,
He draws your beer and wine ;
And the fourth of your sons, my lord,
Can serve you when you dine.

" And the fift of your sons, my lord,
He can both read and write ;
And the sixth of your sons, my lord,
Can do it most perfyte.

" And the sevent of your sons, my lord,
Sits on the nurse's knee :
And how can I look maiden-like,
When a maid I 'll never be ?

"But wha will bake your wedding bread,
And brew your bridal ale?
Or wha will welcome your brisk bride
That you bring owre the dale?"

"I 'll put cooks in my kitchen,
And stewards in my hall,
And I 'll have bakers for my bread,
And brewers for my ale;
But you 're to welcome my brisk bride
That I bring owre the dale."

He set his feet into his ship,
And his cock-boat on the main;
He swore it would be year and day
Or he returned again.

When year and day was past and gane,
Fair Annie she thocht lang;
And she is up to her bower head,
To behold both sea and land.

"Come up, come up, my eldest son,
And see now what you see;
O yonder comes your father dear,
And your stepmother to be."

"Cast off your gown of black, mother,
Put on your gown of brown,
And I 'll put off my mourning weeds,
And we 'll welcome him home."

She 's taken wine into her hand,
And she has taken bread,
And she is down to the water side
To welcome them indeed.

"You 're welcome, my lord, you 're welcome,
my lord,
You 're welcome home to me;
So is every lord and gentleman
That is in your companie.

"You 're welcome, my lady, you 're welcome,
my lady,
You 're welcome home to me;
So is every lady and gentleman
That 's in your companie."

"I thank you, my girl, I thank you, my girl,
I thank you heartily;
If I live seven years about this house,
Rewarded you shall be."

She serv'd them up, she serv'd them down,
With the wheat bread and the wine;
But aye she drank the cauld water,
To keep her colour fine.

She serv'd them up, she serv'd them down,
With the wheat bread and the beer;
But aye she drank the cauld water,
To keep her colour clear.

When bells were rung and mass was sung,
And all were boune for rest,
Fair Annie laid her sons in bed,
And a sorrowfu' woman she was.

"Will I go to the salt salt seas,
And see the fishes swim;
Or will I go to the gay green wood,
And hear the small birds sing?"

Out and spoke an aged man,
That stood behind the door,—
"Ye will not go to the salt salt seas,
To see the fishes swim;
Nor will ye go to the gay green wood,
To hear the small birds sing:

"But ye 'll take a harp into your hand,
Go to their chamber door,
And aye ye 'll harp and aye ye 'll murn,
With the salt tears falling o'er."

She 's ta'en a harp into her hand,
Went to their chamber door,
And aye she harped and aye she murn'd,
With the salt tears falling o'er.

Out and spak the brisk young bride,
In bride bed where she lay,—
"I think I hear my sister Annie,
And I wish weel it may;
For a Scotish lord staw her awa,
And an ill death may he die."

"Wha was your father, my girl," she says,
"Or wha was your mother?
Or had you ever a sister dear,
Or had you ever a brother?"

"King Henry was my father dear,
Queen Esther was my mother,
Prince Henry was my brother dear,
And Fanny Flower my sister."

"If King Henry was your father dear,
And Queen Esther was your mother,
If Prince Henry was your brother dear,
Then surely I 'm your sister.

"Come to your bed, my sister dear,
It ne'er was wrang'd for me,
Bot an' ae kiss of his merry mouth,
As we cam owre the sea."

"Awa, awa, ye forenoon bride,
Awa, awa frae me;
I wudna hear my Annie greet,
For a' the gold I got wi' thee."

"There were five ships of gay red gold
Cam owre the seas with me;
It 's twa o' them will tak me hame,
And three I 'll leave wi' thee.

"Seven ships o' white monie
Came owre the seas wi' me;
Five o' them I 'll leave wi' thee,
And twa will take me hame;
And my mother will make my portion up,
When I return again."

BILLIE ARCHIE.

A North Country version of a popular Border Ballad.

"SEVEN years have I loved my love,
And seven years my love 's loved me;
But now to-morrow is the day
That Billie Archie, my love, must die."

Out then spoke him Little Dickie,
And still the best fellow was he:
"Had I but five men and mysell,
Then we would borrow Billie Archie."

Out it spoke him Caff o' Lin,
And still the worst fellow was he:
"You shall have five men and yoursell,
And I will bear you companie.

"We will not go like to dragoons,
Nor yet will we like grenadiers;
But we will go like corn-dealers,
And lay our brechams on our meares.

" And twa of us will watch the road,
And other twa between will gang,
And I will go to jail-house door,
And hold the prisoner unthought lang."

" Wha is this at the jail-house door,
Sa weel as they do ken the gin ? "
" It 's I mysell," said him Little Dickie,
" And oh sae fain 's I would be in."

" Awa, awa, now, Little Dickie,
Awa, let all your folly be ;
If the Lord Lieutenant come on you,
Like unto dogs he 'll cause you die."

" Hold you, hold you, Billy Archie,
And now let all your folly be ;
Though I die without, you 'll not die within,
For borrowed shall your body be."

" Awa, awa, now, Little Dickie,
Awa, let all this folly be ;
An hundred pounds of Spanish irons
Is all bound on my fair bodie."

Wi' plough coulters and gavelocks
They made the jail-house door to flee ;

" And in God's name," said Little Dickie,
" Cast you the prisoner behind me."

They had not rade a great way off,
With all the haste that ever could be,
Till they espied the Lord Lieutenant,
With a hundred men in companie.

But when they cam to wan water,
It now was rumbling like the sea ;
Then were they got into a strait,
As great a strait as well could be.

Then out did speak him Caff o' Lin,
And aye the warst fellow was he :
" Now God be with my wife and bairns,
For fatherless my babes will be.

" My horse is young, he cannot swim ;
The water 's deep, and will not wade ;
My children must be fatherless,
My wife a widow, whate'er betide."

Oh ! then cried out him Little Dickie,
And still the best fellow was he :
" Take you my mare, I 'll take your horse,
And Devil drown my mare and thee."

Now they have taken the wan water,
Though it was roaring like the sea;
And when they gat to the other side,
I wat they bragged right crouslie.

"Come thro', come thro', now, Lord Lieutenant,
Oh! do come thro', I pray of thee;
There is an alehouse not far off,
We 'll dine you and your companie."

"Awa, awa, now, Little Dickie,
Oh! now let all your taunting be;
There 's not a man in the king's army
That would have tried what 's done by thee.

"Cast back, cast back my fetters again,
Cast back my fetters, I say to thee;
And get you gane the way you came,
I wish no prisoners like to thee."

"I have a mare she 's called Meg,
The best in all our low countrie;
If she gang barefoot till they 're done,
An ill death may your Lordship die."

SON DAVIE, SON DAVIE.

The following, which is given from the recitation of an old woman, will strike the reader as resembling the ballad of "The Twa Brothers," a set of which is given in a preceding part of this collection. But it resembles more the ballad given in Percy's "Reliques," beginning,

"Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward?"

and which was communicated by Lord Hailes. Indeed, there is reason to believe that his Lordship made a few slight verbal improvements on the copy he transmitted, and altered the hero's name to Edward, — a name which, by-the-bye, never occurs in a Scottish ballad, except where allusion is made to an English king. This, then, may be looked upon as the *genuine* traditionary version; but it is given now, principally for the purpose of affording an opportunity of preserving the melody to which it is sung among the other tunes with which this volume will be enriched.

"What bluid 's that on thy coat lap?
Son Davie! son Davie!
What bluid 's that on thy coat lap?
And the truth come tell to me O."

"It is the bluid of my great hawk,
Mother lady! mother lady!
It is the bluid of my great hawk,
And the truth I hae tald to thee O."

"Hawk's bluid was ne'er sae red,
Son Davie! son Davie!
Hawk's bluid was ne'er sae red,
And the truth come tell to me O."

"It is the bluid o' my grey hound,
Mother lady! mother lady!
It is the bluid of my grey hound,
And it wudna rin for me O."

"Hound's bluid was ne'er sae red,
Son Davie! son Davie!
Hound's bluid was ne'er sae red,
And the truth come tell to me O."

"It is the bluid o' my brother John,
Mother lady! mother lady!
It is the bluid o' my brother John,
And the truth I hae tald to thee O."

"What about did the plea begin?
Son Davie! son Davie!"

"It began about the cutting o' a willow wand
That would never hae been a tree O."

"What death dost thou desire to die?
Son Davie! son Davie!
What death dost thou desire to die?
And the truth come tell to me O."

"I 'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,
Mother lady! mother lady!
I 'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,
And ye 'll never see mair o' me O."

"What wilt thou leave to thy poor wife?
Son Davie! son Davie!"
"Grief and sorrow all her life,
And she 'll never get mair frae me O."

"What wilt thou leave to thy auld son?
Son Davie! son Davie!"
"The weary warld to wander up and down,
And he 'll never get mair o' me O."

"What wilt thou leave to thy mother dear?
Son Davie! son Davie!"
"A fire o' coals to burn her wi' hearty cheer,
And she 'll never get mair o' me O."

THE WEE, WEE MAN.

THE principal object in giving the present traditionary version of this well known and singular ballad is to restore to the mysterious little Master whom it commemorates that marvellous breadth of shoulders which truly belongs to him, and of which, it will be seen, by comparison with the common printed copies, that he has been most unceremoniously and injudiciously deprived. The vast latitude of his chest, and formidable bigness of his head, contrasted with the tiny measurement of his limbs, add wondrously to the grotesqueness of his figure, and form too important a feature in the curious picture to be heedlessly omitted. There is an old poem in the Cotton MSS., which Ritson supposes to be of the time of Edward I. or Edward II., which begins,

"Als Y Yod on ay Mounday,"

and of which the present ballad appears to be a portion. This poem is printed in Mr. Finlay's collection, accompanied with some sensible remarks.

As I was walking mine alane,
Betwixt the water and the wa',

There I spied a wee, wee man,
He was the least ane that e'er I saw.

His leg was scarce a shaftmont lang,
Both thick and nimble was his knee; *
Between his e'en there was a span,
Betwixt his shoulders there were ells three.

This wee, wee man pulled up a stane,
He flang 't as far as I could see;
Though I had been as Wallace strang,
I wadna gotten it up to my knee.

I said, "Wee man, oh! but you 're strang;
Where is your dwelling, or where may 't be?"
"My dwelling 's at yon bonnie green;
Fair lady, will ye go and see?"

On we lap, and awa we rade,
Until we cam to yonder green;
We lighted down to rest our steed,
And there came out a lady sheen,

Wi' four-and-twenty at her back,
And they were a' weel clad in green;

* *Variation.* — "His legs they were na a gude inch lang,
And thick and nimble was his thie."

Although he had been the king of Scotland,
The warst o' them might hae been his queen.

So on we lap, and awa we rade,
Till we came to yon bonnie hall;
The rafters were o' the beaten gold,
And silver wire were the kebars all.

There were pipers playing in every neuk,
And ladies dancing jimp and sma';
And aye the owreturn o' their tune
Was, "Our wee, wee man has been lang awa!" *

* The two last lines of the printed copies differ from these; but I never have found their reading sanctioned by a recited copy of any antiquity.

YOUNG BEARWELL.

A FRAGMENT, and now printed in the hope that the remainder of it may hereafter be recovered. From circumstances, one would almost be inclined to trace it to a Danish source; or it may be an episode of some forgotten Metrical Romance: but this cannot satisfactorily be ascertained, from its catastrophe being unfortunately wanting.

WHEN two lovers love each other weel,
Great sin it were them to twinn;
And this I speak from young Bearwell,
He loved a lady ying,
The Mayor's daughter of Birktoun-brae,
That lovely liesome thing.

One day when she was looking out,
When washing her milk-white hands,
That she beheld him young Bearwell,
As he came in the sands.

Says, — "Wae 's me for you, young Bearwell,
Such tales of you are tauld;

They 'll cause you sail the salt sea so far,
As beyond Yorkisfauld."

"Oh! shall I bide in good green wood,
Or stay in bower with thee?"
"The leaves are thick in good green wood,
Would hold you from the rain;
And if you stay in bower with me,
You will be taken and slain.

"But I caused build a ship for you,
Upon Saint Innocent's day;
I 'll bid Saint Innocent be your guide,
And Our Lady that meikle may.
You are a lady's first true love;
God carry you weel away!"

Then he sailed east and he sailed west,
By many a comely strand;
At length a puff of northern wind
Did blow him to the land.

When he did see the king and court
Were playing at the ba',
Gave him a harp into his hand,
Says, — "Stay, Bearwell, and play."

He had not been in the king's court
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till there came lairds and lords enew,
To court that lady gay.

They wooed her with broach and ring,
They nothing could keep back ;
The very charters of their lands
Into her hands they pat.

She 's done her down to Heyvalin,
With the light of the mune :
Says, — " Will ye do this deed for me,
And will ye do it sune ?

" Will ye go seek him young Bearwell,
On seas wherever he be ?
And if I live and bruik my life,
Rewarded ye shall be."

" Alas, I am too young a skipper,
So far to sail the faem ;
But if I live and bruik my life,
I 'll strive to bring him hame."

So he has sail'd east and then sail'd west,
By many a comely strand ;

Till there came a blast of northern wind,
And blew him to the land.

And there the king and all his court
Were playing at the ba',
Gave him a harp into his hand,
Says, — "Stay, Heyvalin, and play."

He has tane up the harp in hand,
And unto play went he;
And young Bearwell was the first man
In all that companie.

. . . . .

LORD DERWENTWATER.

THIS is a Jacobite ballad, and refers to the fate of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, who suffered for high treason, in the ill-concerted rising of 1715. It is given from recitation. In the "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song" is a fragment, entitled "Derwentwater," said "to be taken from the recitation of a young girl in the parish of Kirkbean, Galloway,"—information as precise as one could reasonably look for, in things of this sort; but the character which that work has unhappily, but justly, gained, for its literary impositions, precludes one from placing any reliance on its statements. The same fragment is again paraded in Mr. Allan Cunningham's "Songs of Scotland," without the slightest allusion being made to the fact of its being, from first to last, a production of his own pen. Now, though it is readily granted that the poem in question is not so good as some others which the author has written in a similar vein, at the same time it must be observed, that thus to impose on the ignorant and the credulous, by giving, as the productions of another age, that which he feels reluctant to father as his own bantling, is, in itself, uncandid and altogether beneath the noble-mindedness of genius. Of the Lord Derwentwater, Ritson has preserved a song in his "Northumberland Garland," in no degree more poetical than the following homely strain. The name given to his Lordship by the old wo-

an from whom the ballad was received is retained in the xt. The Editor has been favoured by Mr. Sharpe with nother copy of the ballad, containing a few variations, not f much importance.

Our King has wrote a long letter,
And sealed it ower with gold;
He sent it to my lord Dunwaters,
To read it if he could.

He has not sent it with a boy,
Nor with any Scots lord;
But he 's sent it with the noblest knight
E'er Scotland could afford.

The very first line that my lord did read,
He gave a smirkling smile;
Before he had the half of it read,
The tears from his eyes did fall.

"Come saddle to me my horse," he said,
"Come saddle to me with speed;
For I must away to fair London town,
For to me there was ne'er more need."

Out and spoke his lady gay,
In childbed where she lay:

"I would have you make your will, my lord Dunwaters,
Before you go away."

"I leave to you, my eldest son,
My houses and my land;
I leave to you, my youngest son,
Ten thousand pounds in hand.

"I leave to you, my lady gay,—
You are my wedded wife,—
I leave to you, the third of my estate,
That 'll keep you in a lady's life."

They had not rode a mile but one,
Till his horse fell owre a stane:
"It 's a warning good enough," my lord Dunwaters said,
"Alive I 'll ne'er come hame."

When they came to fair London town,
Into the courtiers' hall,
The lords and knights of fair London town
Did him a traitor call.

"A traitor! a traitor!" says my lord,
"A traitor! how can that be?

An it be nae for the keeping five thousand men,
To fight for King Jamie.

"O all you lords and knights in fair London town,
Come out and see me die;
O all you lords and knights in fair London town,
Be kind to my ladie.

"There 's fifty pounds in my right pocket,
Divide it to the poor;
There 's other fifty in my left pocket,
Divide it from door to door."

THE JOLLY GOSHAWK.

This ballad is a less complete version of "The Gay Goss-hawk," a ballad of considerable beauty, which first appeared in the "Border Minstrelsy."

"O well is me, my jolly Goshawk,
That ye can speak and flee;
For ye can carry a love-letter
To my true love from me."

"O how can I carry a letter to her,
When her I do not know?
I bear the lips to her never spak,
And the eyes that her never saw."

"The thing of my love's face that 's white
Is that of dove or maw;
"The thing of my love's face that 's red
Is like blood shed on snaw.

"And when you come to the castel,
Light on the bush of ash;
And sit you there and sing our loves,
As she comes from the mass.

"And when she gaes into the house,
Sit ye upon the whin;
And sit you there and sing our loves,
As she goes out and in."

And when he flew to that castel,
He lighted on the ash;
And there he sat and sung their loves,
As she came from the mass.

And when she went into the house,
He flew unto the whin;
And there he sat and sung their loves,
As she went out and in.

"Come hitherward, my maidens all,
And sip red wine anon,
Till I go to my west window,
And hear a birdie's moan."

She 's gane unto her west window,
And fainly aye it drew;

And soon into her white silk lap
The bird the letter threw.

"Ye 're bidden send your love a send,
For he has sent you twa;
And tell him where he can see you,
Or he cannot live ava."

"I send him the rings from my white fingers
The garlands off my hair;
I send him the heart that 's in my breast:
What would my love have mair?
And at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland,
Ye 'll bid him meet me there."

She hied her to her father dear,
As fast as gang could she:
"An asking, an asking, my father dear,
An asking ye grant me,—
That, if I die in fair England,
In Scotland gar bury me.

"At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
You cause the bells be rung;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
You cause the mass be sung;

"At the third kirk of fair Scotland,
You deal gold for my sake;
And at the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
Oh! there you 'll bury me at.

"And now, my tender father dear,
This asking grant you me."
"Your asking is but small," he said,
Weel granted it shall be."

[The lady asks the same boon and receives a similar swer, first from her mother, then from her sister, and ıtly from her seven brothers.]

Then down as dead that lady drapp'd,
Beside her mother's knee;
Then out it spak an auld witch wife,
By the fire side sat she:

Says, — "Drap the het lead on her cheek,
And drap it on her chin,
And drap it on her rose red lips,
And she will speak again:
For much a lady young will do,
To her true love to win."

They drapp'd the het lead on her cheek,
So did they on her chin;

They drapp'd it on her red rose lips,
  But they breathed none again.

Her brothers they went to a room,
  To make to her a bier;
The boards of it were cedar wood,
  And the plates on it gold so clear.

Her sisters they went to a room,
  To make to her a sark;
The cloth of it was satin fine,
  And the steeking silken wark.

"But well is me, my jolly Goshawk,
  That ye can speak and flee;
Come shew to me any love tokens
  That you have brought to me."

"She sends you the rings from her fingers,
  The garlands from her hair;
She sends you the heart within her breast:
  And what would you have mair?
And at the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
  She bids you meet her there."

"Come hither, all my merry young men,
  And drink the good red wine;

For we must on to fair England,
To free my love from pine."

At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
They gart the bells be rung;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
They gart the mass be sung.

At the third kirk of fair Scotland,
They dealt gold for her sake;
And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland
Her true love met them at.

"Set down, set down the corpse," he said,
"Till I look on the dead;
The last time that I saw her face,
She ruddy was and red;
But now, alas, and woe is me,
She 's wallowed like a weed."

He rent the sheet upon her face,
A little aboon her chin;
With lily white cheek, and lemin' eyne,
She lookt and laugh'd to him.

"Give me a chive of your bread, my love,
A bottle of your wine;

For I have fasted for your love,
These weary lang days nine;
There 's not a steed in your stable,
But would have been dead ere syne.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brothers,
Gae hame and blaw the horn;
For you can say in the South of England,
Your sister gave you a scorn.

"I came not here to fair Scotland,
To lye amang the meal;
But I came here to fair Scotland,
To wear the silks so weel.

"I came not here to fair Scotland,
To lye amang the dead;
But I came here to fair Scotland,
To wear the gold so red."

GYPSIE DAVY.

This copy of the popular ballad which generally goes under the title of "Johnie Faa, or the Gypsie Laddie," was obtained from the recitation of an old woman, and, as it contains some additional particulars, not to be found in any copy hitherto printed, so far as known to the Editor, it has found a place in this collection. Mr. Finlay has been at some pains in gathering the notices which tradition has preserved of this fair lady's delinquency, and of her dreary penance in the tower of Maybole.

There came Singers to Earl Cassillis' gates,
And oh but they sang bonnie;
They sang sae sweet and sae complete,
Till down came the Earl's lady.

She came tripping down the stair,
And all her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her weel faur'd face,
They coost their glamourye ower her.

They gave her o' the gude sweet meats,
The nutmeg and the ginger;
And she gi'ed them a far better thing,
Ten gowd rings aff her finger.

"Come with me, my bonnie Jeanie Faw,
O come with me, my dearie;
For I do swear by the head o' my spear,
Thy gude lord 'll nae mair come near thee."

"Tak from me my silken cloak,
And bring me down my plaidie;
For it is good and good eneuch,
To follow a Gypsie Davy.

"Yestreen I rode this water deep,
And my gude lord beside me;
But this night I maun set in my pretty fit and wade,
A wheen blackguards wading wi' me.

"Yestreen I lay in a fine feather bed,
And my gude lord beyond me;
But this night I maun lye in some cauld tenant's barn,
A wheen blackguards waiting on me."

"Come to thy bed, my bonnie Jeanie Faw,
Come to thy bed, my dearie;

For I do swear by the head o' my spear,
  Thy gude lord 'll nae mair come near thee."

"I 'll go to bed," the lady she said,
  "I 'll go to bed to my dearie;
For I do swear by the fan in my hand,
  That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

"I 'll mak a hap," the lady she said,
  "I 'll mak a hap to my dearie;
And he 's get a' this petticoat gaes round,
  And my lord shall nae mair come near me."

When her gude lord came hame at night,
  He was asking for his lady;
One spake slow, and another whispered low,
  "She 's awa wi' Gypsie Davy."

"Come, saddle to me my horse," he said;
  "Come, saddle and make him ready;
For I 'll neither sleep, eat, nor drink,
  Till I find out my lady."

They sought her up, they sought her down,
  They sought her thro' nations many;
Till at length they found her out in bonnie Abbaydale,
  Drinking wi' Gypsie Davy.

" Rise, O rise ! my bonnie Jeanie Faw ;
O rise, and do not tarry :
Is this the thing that ye promised to me,
When at first I did thee marry ? "

They drunk her cloak, so did they her gown,
They drunk her stockings and her shoon,
And they drunk the coat that was neist to her smock,
And they pawned her pearled apron.

They were sixteen clever men,
Suppose they were nae bonnie ;
They are to be a' hanged on ae day,
For the stealing o' Earl Cassillis' lady.

" We are sixteen clever men,
One woman was a' our mother ;
We are a' to be hanged on ae day,
For the stealing of a wanton lady."

WILLIE WALLACE.

This version of a popular ballad, which has been successively printed in Johnson's "Museum," Jamieson's "Popular Ballads," and Finlay's "Ballads," is taken from "Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads," Peterhead, 1825. The Editor of that work states it to be given from the recitation of an Itinerant Tinker and Gypsey. We prefer it to the copy preserved in the "Museum." The reader will find the subject of the ballad in the fifth book of "Henry the Minstrel's Metrical Life of Walays."

Wallace in the high highlans,
Neither meat nor drink got he:
Said, — "Fa' me life, or fa' me death,
Now to some town I maun be."

He 's put on his short claiding,
And on his short claiding put he:
Says, — "Fa' me life, or fa' me death,
Now to Perth-town I maun be."

He stepped o'er the river Tay,
I wat he stepped on dry land;
He wasna aware of a well-faured maid
Was washing there her lilie hands.

"What news, what news, ye well-faured maid?
What news hae ye this day to me?"
"No news, no news, ye gentle knight,
No news hae I this day to thee,
But fifteen lords in the hostage house
Waiting Wallace for to see."

"If I had but in my pocket
The worth of one single pennie,
I would go to the hostage house,
And there the gentlemen to see."

She put her hand in her pocket,
And she has pull'd out half-a-crown:
Says, — "Take ye that, ye belted knight,
'T will pay your way till ye come down."

As he went from the well-faured maid,
A beggar bold I wat met he,
Was cover'd wi' a clouted cloak,
And in his hand a trusty tree.

" What news, what news, ye silly auld man?
What news hae ye this day to gie?"
" No news, no news, ye belted knight,
No news hae I this day to thee,
But fifteen lords in the hostage house
Waiting Wallace for to see."

" Ye 'll lend me your clouted cloak
That covers you frae head to shie,
And I 'll go to the hostage house,
Asking there for some supplie."

Now he 's gone to the West-muir wood,
And there he pull'd a trusty tree;
And then he 's on to the hostage gone,
Asking there for charitie.

Down the stair the Captain comes,
Aye the poor man for to see:
" If ye be a Captain as good as ye look,
Ye 'll give a poor man some supplie;
If ye be a Captain as good as ye look,
A guinea this day ye 'll gie to me."

" Where were ye born, ye crooked carle?
Where were ye born, in what countrie?"
" In fair Scotland I was born,
Crooked carle that I be."

"I would give you fifty pounds,
Of gold and white monie;
I would give you fifty pounds,
If the traitor Wallace ye 'd let me see."

"Tell down your money," said Willie Wallace
"Tell down your money, if it be good;
I 'm sure I have it in my power,
And never had a better bode.

"Tell down your money, if it be good,
And let me see if it be fine;
I 'm sure I have it in my power
To bring the traitor Wallace in."

The money was told on the table,
Silver bright of pounds fiftie:
"Now here I stand," said Willie Wallace,
"And what hae ye to say to me?"

He slew the Captain where he stood,
The rest they did quack an' roar;
He slew the rest around the room,
And ask'd if there were any more.

"Come, cover the table," said Willie Wallace,
"Come, cover the table now, make haste;

For it will soon be three lang days
Sin I a bit o' meat did taste."

The table was not well covered,
Nor yet had he set down to dine,
Till fifteen more of the English lords
Surrounded the house where he was in.

The guidwife she ran butt the floor,
And aye the guidman he ran ben;
From eight o'clock till four at noon,
He has kill'd full thirty men.

He put the house in sick a swither,
That five o' them he sticket dead,
Five o' them he drown'd in the river,
And five hung in the West-muir wood.

Now he is on to the North-Inch gone,
Where the maid was washing tenderlie:
"Now, by my sooth," said Willie Wallace,
"It 's been a sair day's wark to me."

He 's put his hand in his pocket,
And he has pull'd out twenty pounds:
Says, "Tak ye that, ye weel-fared maid,
For the gude luck of your half-crown."

SWEET WILLIE AND LADY MARGERIE.

This Ballad, which possesses considerable beauty and pathos, is given from the recitation of a lady, now far advanced in years, with whose grandmother it was a deserved favourite. It is now for the first time printed. It bears some resemblance to "Clerk Saunders."

Sweet Willie was a widow's son,
And he wore a milk-white weed O;
And weel could Willie read and write,
Far better ride on steed O.

Lady Margerie was the first ladye
That drank to him the wine O;
And aye as the healths gaed round and round,
"Laddy, your love is mine O."

Lady Margerie was the first ladye
That drank to him the beer O;
And aye as the healths gaed round and round,
"Laddy, ye 're welcome here O.

"You must come intill my bower,
When the evening bells do ring O;
And you must come intill my bower,
When the evening mass doth sing O."

He 's taen four-and-twenty braid arrows,
And laced them in a whang O;
And he 's awa to Lady Margerie's bower,
As fast as he can gang O.

He set his ae foot on the wa',
And the other on a stane O;
And he 's kill'd a' the King's life guards,
He 's kill'd them every man O.

"O open, open, Lady Margerie,
Open and let me in O;
The weet weets a' my yellow hair,
And the dew draps on my chin O."

With her feet as white as sleet,
She strode her bower within O;
And with her fingers lang and sma',
She 's looten sweet Willie in O.

She 's louted down unto his foot,
To lowze sweet Willie's shoon O;

The buckles were sae stiff they wadna lowze,
The blood had frozen in O.

"O Willie, O Willie, I fear that thou
Hast bred me dule and sorrow;
The deed that thou hast done this nicht
Will kythe upon the morrow."

In then came her father dear,
And a braid sword by his gare O;
And he 's gien Willie, the widow's son,
A deep wound and a sair O.

"Lye yont, lye yont, Willie," she says,
"Your sweat weets a' my side O;
Lye yont, lye yont, Willie," she says,
"For your sweat I downa bide O."

She turned her back unto the wa',
Her face unto the room O;
And there she saw her auld father
Fast walking up and doun O.

"Woe be to you, father," she said,
"And an ill deid may you die O;
For ye 've kill'd Willie, the widow's son,
And he would have married me O."

She turned her back unto the room,
  Her face unto the wa' O;
And with a deep and heavy sich,
  Her heart it brak in twa O.

KEMP OWYNE.

The subject of this ballad will be familiar to the reader in the other versions of it which have been published, namely, "The Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh" (see Ritson's "Northumberland Garland"), and "Kempion" (see "Border Minstrelsy," Vol. III.). For stories relative to monstrous worms and achievements similar to that described in the ballad, the reader is referred to the valuable illustrations which accompany "Kempion" in the last mentioned work. The present version is from recitation. From the air to which it is sung being similar to that of the ludicrous Song of "Kempy Kay," or "Kempy Kane" (a copy of which is preserved in the "Ballad Book"), one would be inclined to believe that the latter was a burlesque of the serious ballad. Ringing these merry changes on sad metres was no uncommon usage among the Northern Minstrels; of this Mr. Jamieson has produced several instances in his interesting translations from the Danish Ballads.

Her mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great moan;

Her father married the warst woman
That ever lived in Christendom.

She served her with foot and hand,
In every thing that she could dee;
Till once, in an unlucky time,
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee;
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,
And borrow you with kisses three,
Let all the warld do what they will,
Oh borrowed shall you never be."

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,
And twisted thrice about the tree,
And all the people far and near
Thought that a savage beast was she;
Thir news did come to Kemp Owyne,
Where he lived far beyond the sea.

He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
And on the savage beast look'd he;
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted was about the tree;

And with a swing she came about:
" Come to Craigy's sea and kiss with me.

" Here is a royal belt," she cried,
" That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal belt he brought him wi';
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted twice about the tree;
And with a swing she came about:
" Come to Craigy's sea and kiss with me.

" Here is a royal ring," she said,
" That I have found in the green sea;
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my ring your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal ring he brought him wi';

Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted ance around the tree;
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea and kiss with me.

"Here is a royal brand," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my brand your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal brand he brought him wi';
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
And twisted nane about the tree;
And smilingly she came about,
As fair a woman as fair could be.

EARL RICHARD.

The locality of this ballad, Barnisdale, will bring to the remembrance of the reader tales of Robin Hood and Little John, who, according to the testimony of that venerable chronicler, Andrew of Wyntown,

> "In Yngil-wode and Barnysdale
> Thai oysyd all this tyme thare trawale."

Whether the ballad is originally the production of an English or of a Scotch Minstrel admits of question; certain, however, it is, that it has been received into both countries at a pretty early period. Hearne, in his preface to "Gul. Neubrigensis Historia," Oxon. 1719, Vol. I., p. lxx., mentions that "The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter" was well known in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In Fletcher's "Pilgrim," Act 4, Scene 2, a stanza of the same ballad is quoted. The English version of this ballad is given in the "Reliques of English Poetry," Vol. III. There are various copies of it current in Scotland. The present version, obtained from recitation in one of the northern counties, is, out of sight, the most circumstantial and elaborated that has yet been printed. It possesses no small portion of humour, and appears to be of greater antiquity than the copy published in the "Reliques." In one of the recited copies of

this ballad, Earl Richard endeavours to shake the lady's conviction of his identity, by using the same means as the Gaberlunzie man who sang, —

> "I 'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
> And draw a black clout owre my e'e;
> A cripple or blind they will ca' me."

But the eyes of love were too sharp to be deceived by such witty devices; for, as the ballad has it, when

> "He came hirplin' on a stick,
> And leanin' on a tree,"

the lady, with a hasty voice, in the face of all the court, immediately cries out, —

> "Be he cripple, or be he blind,
> The same man is he!
> With my low silver e'e."

Earl Richard's unbridegroomlike behaviour on his wedding night, and his agreeable discovery on the morrow, will remind the ballad reader of the gentle Sir Gawaine, who, when reluctantly turning round to caress his lothly bride, much to his joy and contentment, found her transformed into a most lovesome lady.

Earl Richard once on a day,
And all his valiant men so wight,
He did him down to Barnisdale,
Where all the land is fair and light.

He was aware of a damosel,
I wot fast on she did her bound,
With towers of gold upon her head,
As fair a woman as could be found.

He said, "Busk on you, fair ladye,
The white flowers and the red;
For I would give my bonnie ship,
To get your maidenhead."

"I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown you in the sea;
For all this would not mend the miss
That ye would do to me."
"The miss is not so great, ladye,
Soon mended it might be.

"I have four-and-twenty mills in Scotland
Stands on the water Tay;
You 'll have them, and as much flour
As they 'll grind in a day."

"I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown you in the sea;
For all that would not mend the miss
That ye would do for me."
"The miss is not so great, lady,
Soon mended it will be.

" I have four-and-twenty milk-white cows,
All calved in a day;
You 'll have them, and as much hained grass
As they all on can gae."

" I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown ye in the sea;
For all that would not mend the miss
That ye would do to me."
" The miss is not so great, ladye,
Soon mended it might be.

" I have four-and-twenty milk-white steeds,
All foaled in one year;
You 'll have them, and as much red gold
As all their backs can bear."

She turned her right and round about,
And she swore by the mold,
" I would not be your love," said she,
" For that church full of gold."

He turned him right and round about,
And he swore by the mass,
Says, — " Lady, ye my love shall be,
And gold ye shall have less."

She turned her right and round about,
And she swore by the moon,
" I would not be your love," says she,
" For all the gold in Rome."

He turned him right and round about,
And he swore by the moon,
Says, — " Lady, ye my love shall be,
And gold ye shall have none."

He caught her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve ;
And there has taken his will of her,
Wholly without her leave.

The lady frowned and sadly blushed,
And oh ! but she thought shame :
Says, — " If you are a knight at all,
You surely will tell me your name."

" In some places they call me Jack,
In other some they call me John ;
But when into the Queen's Court,
Oh then Lithcock it is my name."

" Lithcock ! Lithcock ! " the lady said,
And oft she spelt it over again ;

"Lithcock! it 's Latin," the lady said,
"Richard 's the English of that name."

The Knight he rode, the lady ran,
A live long summer's day;
Till they came to the wan water
That all men do call Tay.

He set his horse head to the water,
Just thro' it for to ride;
And the lady was as ready as him
The waters for to wade.

For he had never been as kind hearted
As to bid the lady ride;
And she had never been so low hearted
As for to bid him bide.

But deep into the wan water
There stands a great big stone;
He turned his wight horse head about,
Said, "Lady fair, will ye loup on?"

She 's taken the wand was in her hand,
And struck it on the foam,
And before he got the middle stream,
The lady was on dry land.

" By help of God and our Lady,
My help lyes not in your hand.

" I learned it from my mother dear, —
Few is there that has learned better;
When I came to a deep water,
I can swim thro' like ony otter.

" I learned it from my mother dear, —
I find I learned it for my weel;
When I came to a deep water,
I can swim thro' like ony eel."

" Turn back, turn back, you lady fair,
You know not what I see;
There is a lady in that castle,
That will burn you and me."
" Betide me weal, betide me wae,
That lady will I see."

She took a ring from her finger,
And gave 't the porter for his fee:
Says, " Tak you that, my good porter,
And bid the Queen speak to me."

And when she came before the Queen,
There she fell low down on her knee:

Says, " There is a knight into your court,
This day has robbed me."

" Oh, has he robbed you of your gold,
Or has he robbed you of your fee ? "
" He has not robbed me of my gold,
He has not robbed me of my fee;
He has robbed me of my maidenhead,
The fairest flower of my bodie."

" There is no knight in all my court,
That thus has robbed thee,
But you 'll have the truth of his right hand,
Or else for your sake he 'll die,
Tho' it were Earl Richard, my own brother;
And oh ! forbid that it be."
Then, sighing, said the lady fair,
" I wot the samen man is he."

The Queen called on her merry men,
Even fifty men and three;
Earl Richard used to be the first man,
But now the hindmost was he.

He 's taken out one hundred pounds,
And told it in his glove :
Says, " Tak you that, my lady fair,
And seek another love."

"Oh no, oh no," the lady cried,
"That 's what shall never be;
I 'll have the truth of your right hand,
The Queen it gave to me."

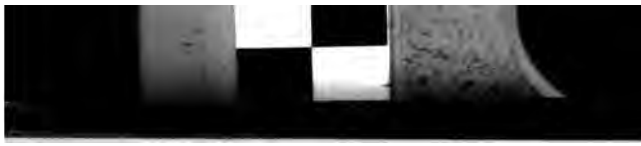
"I wish I had drunk of your water, sister,
When I did drink your wine;
That for a carle's fair daughter,
It does gar me dree all this pine."

"May be I am a carle's daughter,
And may be never nane;
When ye met me in the green wood,
Why did you not let me alane?"

"Will you wear the short clothes,
Or will you wear the side;
Or will you walk to your wedding,
Or will you till it ride?"

"I will not wear the short clothes,
But I will wear the side;
I will not walk to my wedding,
But I to it will ride."

When he was set upon the horse,
The lady him behind,



Then cauld and eerie were the words
The twa had them between.

She said, " Good e'en, ye nettles tall,
Just there where ye grow at the dike ;
If the auld carline my mother was here,
Sae weel 's she would your pates pike.

" How she would stap you in her poke,
I wot at that she wadna fail ;
And boil ye in her auld brass pan,
And of ye mak right gude kail.

" And she would meal you with millering
That she gathers at the mill,
And mak you thick as any daigh;
And when the pan was brimful,

" Would mess you up in scuttle dishes,
Syne bid us sup till we were fou ;
Lay down her head upon a poke,
Then sleep and snore like any sow."

" Away ! away ! you bad woman,
For all your vile words grieveth me ;
When ye heed so little for yourself,
I 'm sure ye 'll heed far less for me.

"I wish I had drunk your water, sister,
When that I did drink of your wine;
Since for a carle's fair daughter,
It aye gars me dree all this pine."

"May be I am a carle's daughter,
And may be never nane;
When ye met me in the good green wood,
Why did you not let me alane?

"Gude e'en, gude e'en, ye heather berries,
As ye 're growing on yon hill;
If the auld carle and his bags were here,
I wot he would get meat his fill.

"Late, late at night I knit our pokes,
With even four-and-twenty knots;
And in the morn at breakfast time,
I 'll carry the keys of an earl's locks.

"Late, late at night I knit our pokes,
With even four-and-twenty strings;
And if you look to my white fingers,
They have as many gay gold rings."

"Away! away! ye ill woman,
And sore your vile words grieveth me;

When you heed so little for yourself,
I 'm sure ye 'll heed far less for me.

" But if you are a carle's daughter,
As I take you to be,
How did you get the gay clothing,
In green wood ye had on thee? "

" My mother she 's a poor woman,
She nursed earl's children three;
And I get them from a foster sister,
For to beguile such sparks as thee."

" But if you be a carle's daughter,
As I believe you be,
How did ye learn the good Latin,
In green wood ye spoke to me? "

" My mother she 's a mean woman,
She nursed earl's children three;
I learned it from their chapelain,
To beguile such sparks as ye."

When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
And all men boune for bed,
Then Earl Richard and this Ladye
In ane bed they were laid.

He turned his face to the stock,
And she hers to the stane;
And cauld and dreary was the luve
That was thir twa between.

Great was the mirth in the kitchen,
Likewise intill the ha';
But in his bed lay Earl Richard,
Wiping the tears awa'.

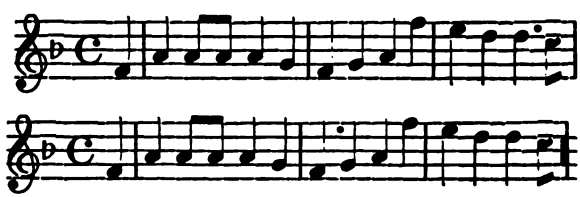
He wept till he fell fast asleep,
Then slept till licht was come;
Then he did hear the gentlemen
That talked in the room:

Said,— "Saw ye ever a fitter match,
Betwixt the ane and ither;
The King o' Scotland's fair dochter,
And the Queen of England's brither?"

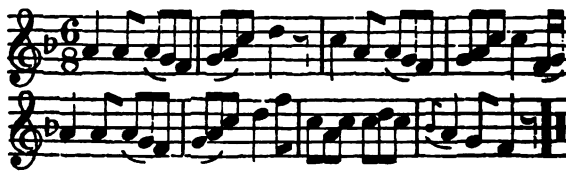
"And is she the King o' Scotland's fair dochter?
This day, oh, weel is me!
For seven times has my steed been saddled,
To come to court with thee;
And with this witty lady fair,
How happy must I be!"

MUSIC.

THE following tunes having been taken down from the singing of particular verses in the respective ballads to which they belong, and these verses having sometimes happened not to be the initial stanza of the ballad, it has been deemed advisable to print the precise verses from the singing of which the several tunes were so noted. This is rendered the more necessary, as some tunes are given to which no correspondent ballad will be found in this collection, while others refer to sets of a ballad different from those which it contains.

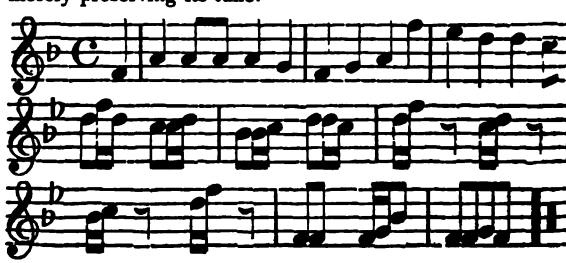
I. THE DÆMON LOVER. Vol. I. p. 242.

O where have ye been, my long lost love,
This long seven years and more?
O I 'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before.

II. THE FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND

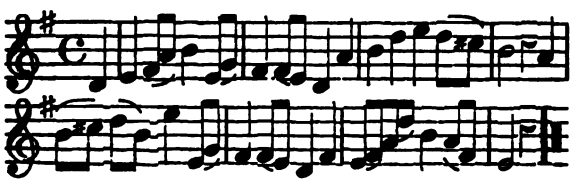
Is an English ballad, to be found in Deloney's "History of Jack of Newbury," from which it is inserted in Ritson's "Ancient Songs." A Scottish version is given in Mr. Kinloch's "Ballads," entitled "The Provost's Daughter." It is popular in Scotland.

When they came to Scotland brig,
O my dear, my love that she was;
Light off, ye hure, from my black steed,
And hie ye awa to Northumberland.

III. THE WHUMMIL BORE.

This ballad, had it been obtained perfect, would probably have found a place in this collection. As nothing but a few stanzas were recovered, we have contented ourselves with merely preserving its tune.

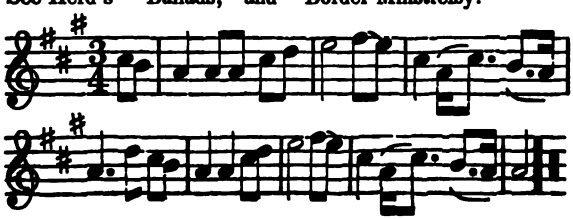


Seven lang years I have served the king,
Fa, fa, fallilly,
And I ne'er got a sight of his dochter but ane,
With my glimpy, glimpy, glimpy, eedle,
Lillum too a tee too a tally.

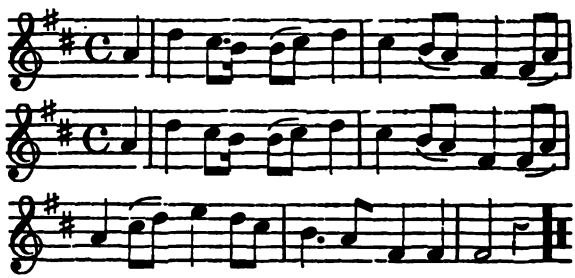
IV. LORD DERWENTWATER. Vol. II. p. 222.

I leave to you, my eldest son,
My houses and my land;
I leave to you, my youngest son,
Ten thousand pounds in hand.

V. LORD BENGWILL

Is not printed in this collection. It is one of the numerous versions which exist of the ballad known under the titles of "Bothwell," "Cospatrick," "Gil Brenton," &c. See Herd's "Ballads," and "Border Minstrelsy."

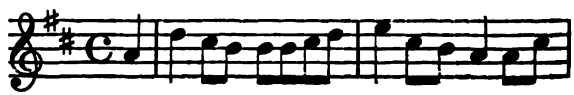
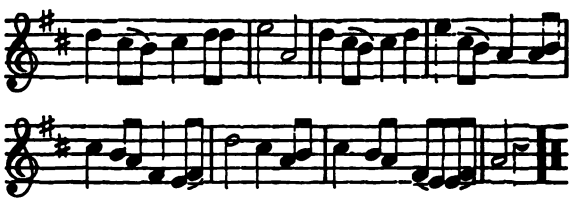


Seven ladies liv'd in a bower,
Hey down and ho down,
And aye the youngest was the flower,
Hey down and ho down.

VI. CHILD NORYCE. Vol. II. p. 157.

The text now given is a version of the ballad differing a little from the one published in this volume.

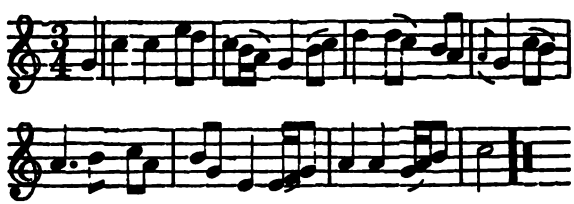
Babe Norice is to the Greenwud gane,
He 's awa wi' the wind;
His horse is siller shod afore,
In the burning gowd ahind.

VII. SIR HUGH, OR THE JEW'S DAUGHTER. Vol. I. p. 202.

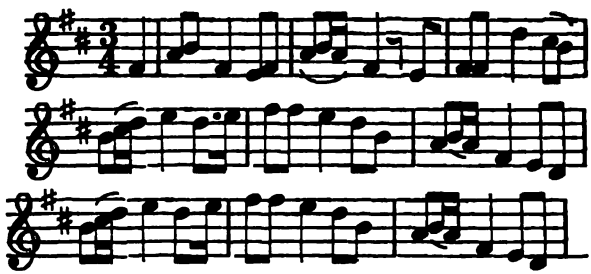


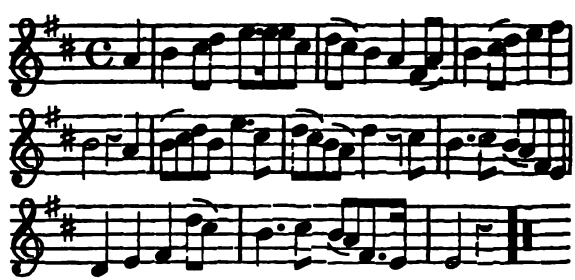
The version of this ballad printed in the present work differs a little from the set whose tune was noted, and which begins:

It was in the middle o' the midsimmer tyme,
When the scule weans play'd at the ba', ba',
Out and cam the Jew's dochter,
And on little Sir Hew did ca', ca',
And on little Sir Hew did ca'.

VIII. EARL RICHARD. Vol. II. p. 92.

Earl Richard is a hunting gone,
As hard as he could ride;
His hunting horn about his neck,
And his broad sword by his side.

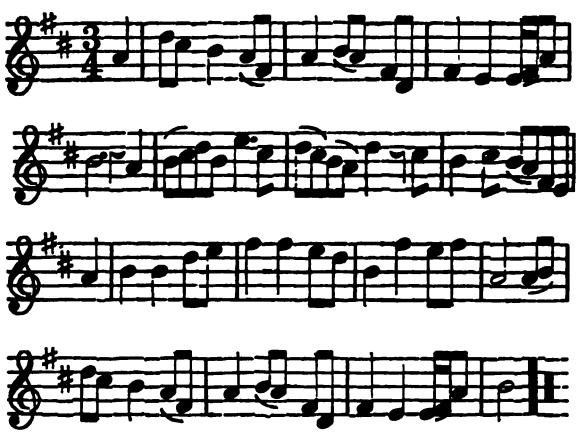
IX. LORD JAMIE DOUGLAS, Vol. I. p. 142,

Is frequently sung to the same tune as "Waly, Waly up the bank."

O come down stairs, Jamie Douglas,
O come down stairs and speak to me;
And I 'll set thee in a fine chair of gowd,
And I 'll kindly daut thee upon my knee.

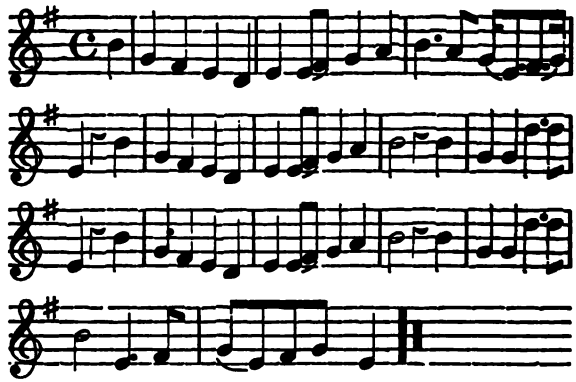
X. OCHILTREE WALLS.

This ballad, or at least other sets of it, are given in Herd's Collection, and in the "Border Minstrelsy,"

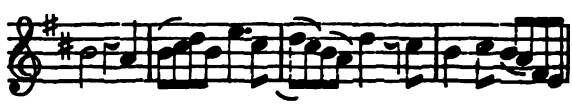
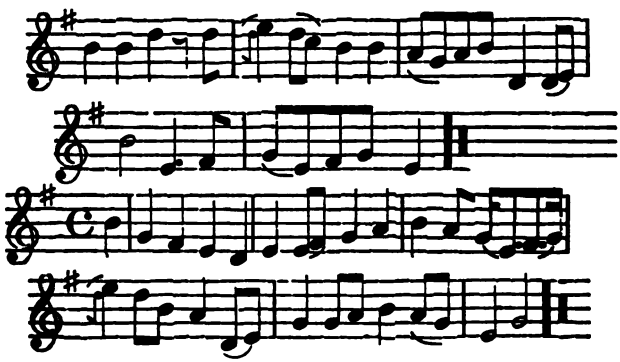
under the titles of "Bonny May," and "The Broom of the Cowdenknows." It is not printed in this volume, but the set of which the tune is now given begins thus:

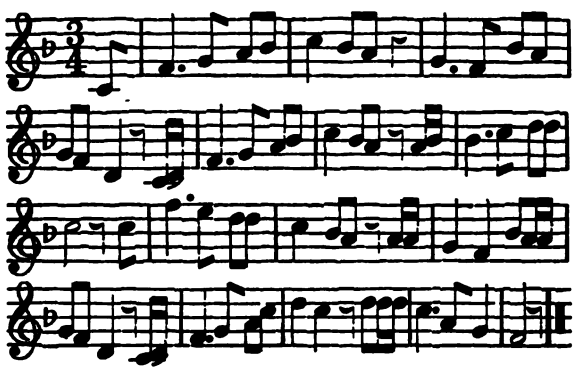
O May, bonnie May, is to the yowe buchts gane
For to milk her daddies yowes;
And ay as she sang, her voice it rang
Out ower the tap o' the knowes, knowes, knowes,
Out ower the tap o' the knowes.

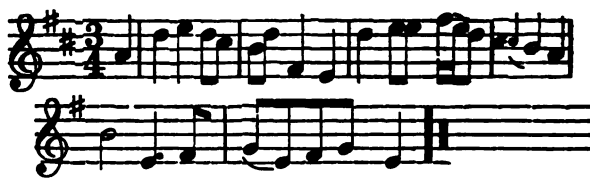
XI. EARL RICHARD. (2d set.)

This is a different tune to another version of the same ballad as No. VIII.

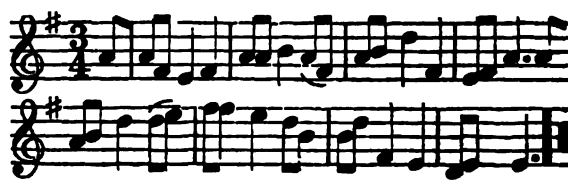
XII. THE THREE RAVENS

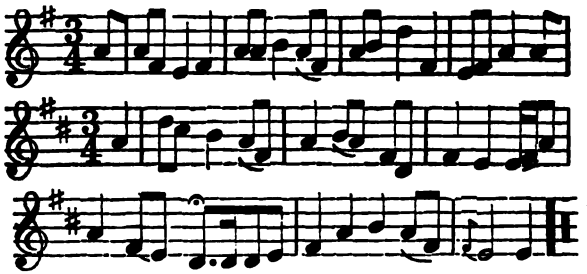
Is given from the singing of a traditionary version of the ballad very popular in Scotland, and the words of which set differ little from those given in Ritson's "Ancient Song."

Three ravens sat upon a tree,
Hey down, hey derry day,
Three ravens sat upon a tree, hey down,
Three ravens sat upon a tree,
And they were black as black could be,
And sing lay doo and la doo and day.

XIII. HYND HORN. Vol. I. p. 187.

What if these diamonds lose their hue,
With a hey lilloo and a how lo lan,
Just when my love begins for to rew,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

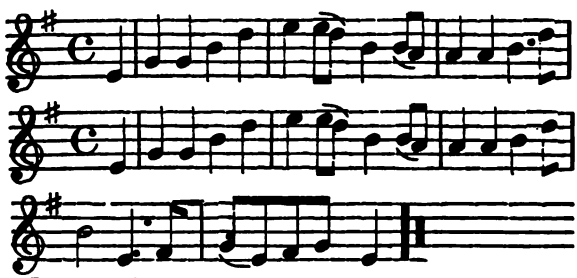
XIV. BONNIE SUSIE CLELAND. Vol. II. p. 95.

There lived a lady in Scotland,
Hey my love and ho my joy;
There lived a lady in Scotland,
And she dearly loved me;
There lived a lady in Scotland,
And she 's fallen in love wi' an Englishman,
And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt in Dundee.

XV. JOHNIE SCOT. Vol. II. p. 78.

But had I paper, pen, and ink,
And candle at my command,
It 's I would write a lang letter
To John in fair Scotland.

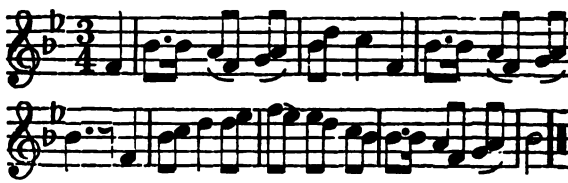
XVI. CLERK SAUNDERS. Vol. II. p. 17.

And they lay still and sleeped sound
Until the day began to dawn,
And kindly to him she die say,
It is time, true love, you were awa'.

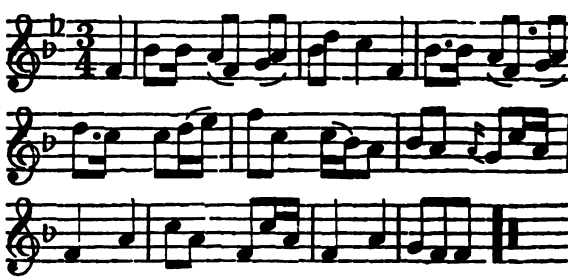
XVII. AMANG THE BLUE FLOWERS AND YELLOW.

This ballad is not inserted in this collection. The air was deemed worthy of preservation.

O Johnie, dear Johnie, what makes ye sae sad,
As the sun shines ower the valley?
I think nae music will mak ye glad,
Amang the blue flowers and the yellow.

XVIII. YOUNG JOHNSTONE. Vol. II. p. 67.

It is from the singing of a different version of the ballad than that given in this volume that its air has been obtained.

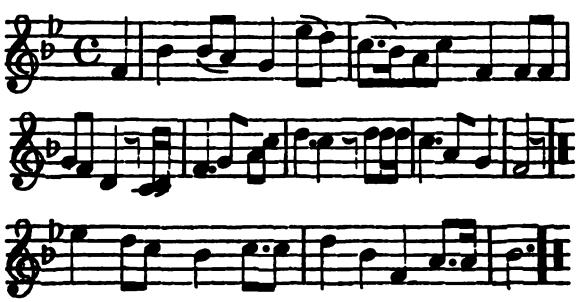
As Willie and the young Col'nel
Were drinking at the wine,
O will ye marry my sister, says Will,
And I will marry thine.

XIX. SWEET WILLIAM. Vol II. p. 180.

This bird flew high, this bird flew low,
This bird flew ower the sea,
Until it entered the same chamber
Wherein was sweet Willie.

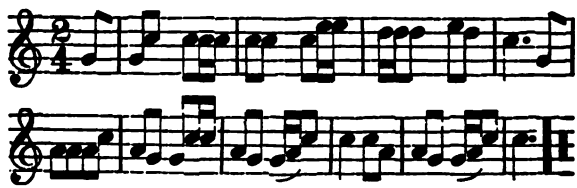
XX. THE SWAN SWIMS BONNIE O.

This ballad frequently goes under the title of "The Cruel Sister," or that of "The Milldams of Binnorie"; various

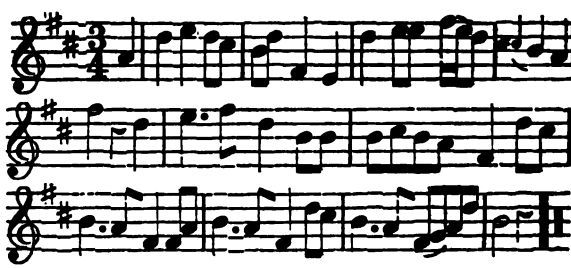
versions of it exist. Of one set the musick is now given, commencing thus:

There liv'd twa sisters in a bower,
Hey my bonnie Annie O;
There cam a lover them to woo,
And the swan swims bonnie O,
And the swan swims bonnie O.

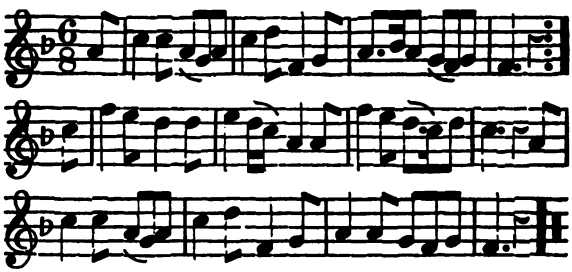
XXI. LITTLE MUSHIEGROVE.

The old English ballad of "Little Musgrove and Lady Barnard" exists in many shapes in Scotland. Its melody does not occur in Ritson's "English Songs," it not being known to the compiler of that work.

It fell upon a Martinmas time,
When the nobles were a' drinking wine,
That little Mushiegrove to the kirk he did go
For to see the ladies come in.

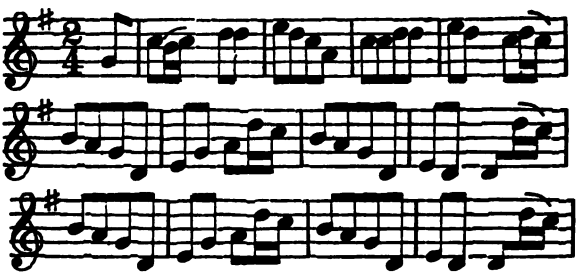
XXII. JOHNIE OF BREADISLEE. Vol. I. p. 169.

Johnie rose up in a May mornin',
Called for water to wash his hands; —
Gar loose to me the gude gray dogs
That are bound wi' iron bands.

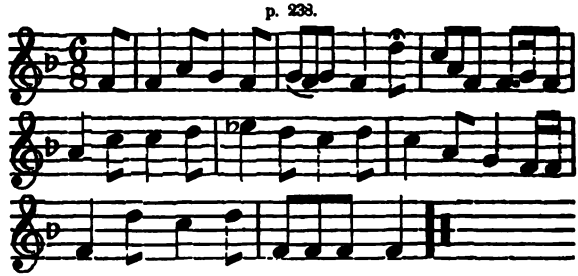
XXIII. LADY JEAN.

This ballad has never beeen published. Its subject is the same with that of "The Bonny Hynd," printed in the "Border Minstrelsy."

The king's young daughter was sitting in her window,
Sewing at her fine silken seam;
She luikit out at her braw bower window,
And she saw the leaves growin' green, my love,
And she saw the leaves growing green.

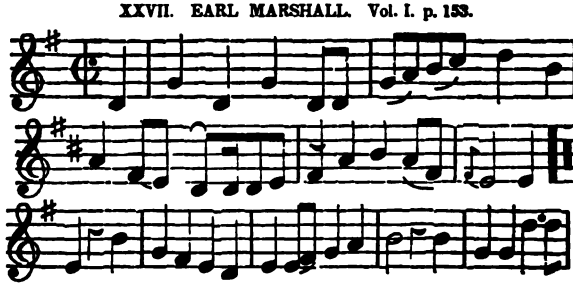
XXIV. MAY COLVIN. Vol. I. p. 218.

From a different version than that published in this compilation.

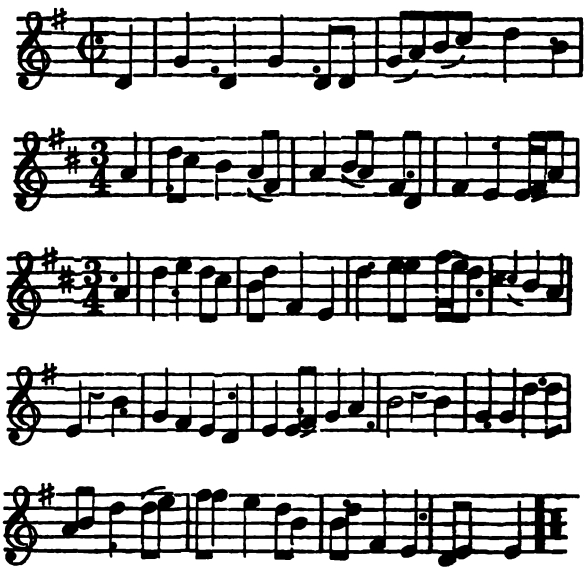
O heard ye e'er o' a bloody knight
That liv'd in the West Countrie?
For he has stown seven ladies fair,
And drown'd them a' in the sea.

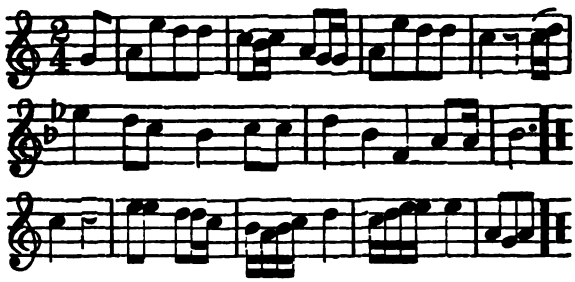
XXV. THE LAIRD O' LOGIE. Vol. I. p. 207.

Lament, lament na, May Margaret,
And of your weeping let me be;
For ye maun to the king himsell,
To seek the life o' young Logie.

XXVI. BABYLON, OR THE BONNIE BANKS O' FORDIE. Vol. I. p. 238.

The melody now given is attached to a different version of this ballad, which begins, —

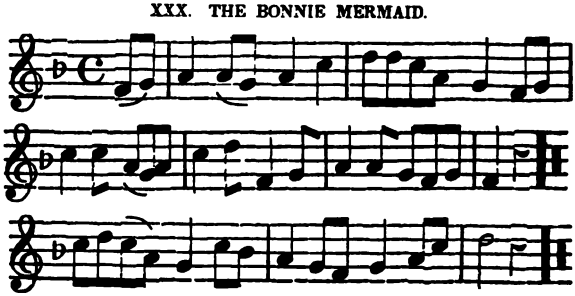
There were three sisters liv'd in a bower,
Fair Annet, and Margaret, and Marjorie;
And they went out to pu' a flower
And the dew drapt off the hyndberry tree.

XXVII. EARL MARSHALL. Vol. I. p. 153.

Queen Elenor was a sick woman,
And sick just like to die;
And she has sent for two Fryars of France
To come to her speedily.

XXVIII. ANDREW LAMMIE. Vol. II. p. 113.

At Mill o' Tiftie liv'd a man,
In the neighbourhood o' Fyvie;
He had a lovely daughter fair,
Was called bonnie Annie.
Her bloom was like the springing flower
That salutes the rosy morning,
With innocence and graceful mien
Her beauteous form adorning.

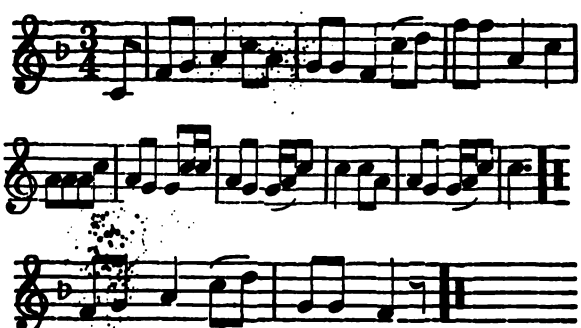
XXIX. RICADOO.

This humourous ballad, of which the air is now given, has not been printed in this collection. It begins, —

The farmer's daughter gade to the market,
Some white fish for to buy ;
The young squire followed after her
As fast as he could hie, Ricadoo,
Tunaway ricadoo a doo a day,
Raddle ricadoo,
Tunaway.

XXX. THE BONNIE MERMAID.

The ballad to which this tune is sung could not be recovered in a complete state. The verse now printed also occurs in some sets of "Sir Patrick Spens."

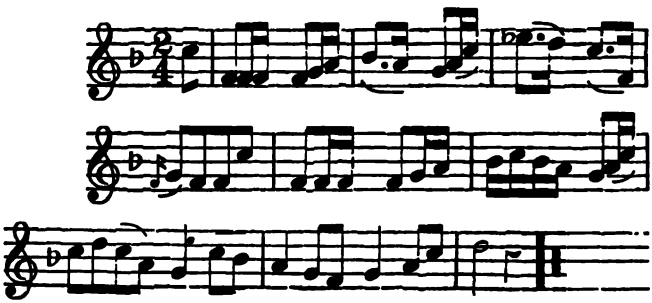
O up and spak the bonnie mermaid,
Wi' the glass and the kaim in her hand:
[illegible]k about, reek about, ye mariners all,
For ye 're not very far from the land.

XXXI. CAPTAIN GLEN.

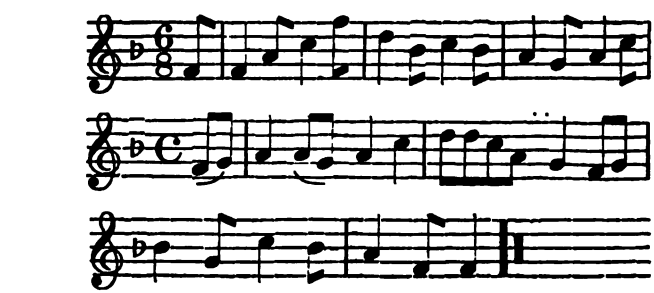


This common stall ballad is generally sung to the tune now given.

We had not sailed a league but two
Till all our whole ship's jovial crew
They all fell sick but sixty-three,
As we went to New Barbarie.

XXXII. THE FALSE KNIGHT.

For one version of this ballad, see the Introduction. From another set the tune has been noted. It begins, —

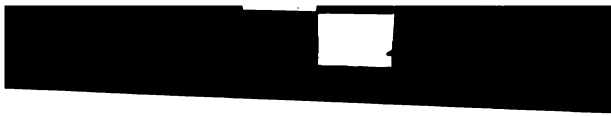
O whare are ye gaun? quo' the false knight,
And false false was his rede.
I 'm gaun to the scule, says the pretty little boy,
And still still he stude.

XXXIII. KEMPY KANE.

A version of this ludicrous and extravagant ballad is given in Mr. Sharpe's "Ballad Book." The set of which the tune is now given commences thus:

Kempy Kane 's a wooin' gane,
And far ayont the sea awee;
And there he met wi' Drearylane,
His gay gude father to be awee.

The Musick now published has been obtained at considerable cost; and no little pains have been bestowed in noting it down with strict fidelity and accuracy. It affords a pretty ample specimen of the description of melody to which a great number of the early traditionary ballads of Scotland are still chaunted by the people. As such, it is hoped that it will prove an acquisition of some value to the ancient popular melodies of the land. Whatever the musician may think of its worth, the antiquarian, it is believed, will not lightly pass it by, but, on the contrary, rejoice with an exceeding gladness that some little has been done to transmit it purely and undefiled to posterity.

THE END.



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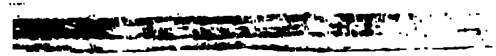

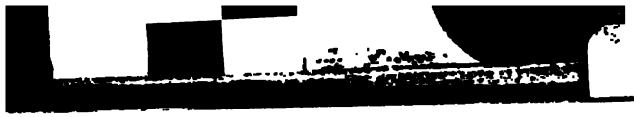

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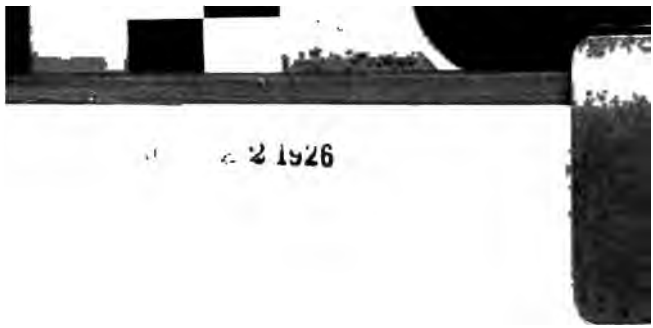
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